THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MAY 30th, 1933.

Historical Society

The Leader for Forty Years

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APARTMENTS TO RENT—May 1st. Apply VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP. 20-tf

ORGAN FOR SALE—Cheap. Would make good office desk. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE—My home. Breaking up housekeeping. GEO. F. PALMER, Police Magistrate, Deseronto, Ont. 27-a

HORSES FOR SALE—Four good, heavy work horses, around 12 years old. Apply to BURNELL DENISON, Selby road. 25-tf

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

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WANTED—Teacher for Napanee Public Schools. Applicants please state qualifications, experience and salary required. Napanee Board of Education, J. G. FENNELL, Sec'y-Treas. 27-a

HOUSE TO RENT—Brick house on Robinson street, every modern convenience, hot and cold water, etc.; good garden. Would rent furnished. Apply to MRS. SILAS WOODCOCK, Napanee. Phone 184. 21-tf

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Napanee, Ont.

Napanee was well represented at the opening dance of the season which was held at Bayside Gardens, Collins Bay, on Tuesday night of last week.

Mr. C. W. Hambly, M.L.A. for Frontenac-Lennox and several others of the party, were in Picton on Saturday and attended a meeting of the Prince Edward Conservative Association. As Prince Edward has been joined with Lennox for provincial purposes, an organization meeting of the parties in the two counties will be held at an early date.

BASEBALL

BELLEVILLE VICTORIAS WIN IN OPENING GAME, 5-1.

With a splendid attendance, including a considerable number from Belleville as well as from points in the Napanee district, the opening game in the Bay of Quinte League, Intermediate O.B.A.A., was played at the Napanee Driving Park on Saturday afternoon ,the Victorias of Belleville opposing the Gibbard Athletics A. team.

After a hard fought game, which went the full nine innings, the visitors emerged victorous by the score of 5-1.

Tommy Pointer, who joined the Gibbard Athletics some months ago, and who for several years was a member of the pitching staff of the Belleville Nationals, was on the mound for Gibbards and turned in one of the best games seen in Napanee in many a day.

Pointer fanned twenty-two men, and should have won his game with ease, as Gibbards outhit the Victorias by nearly two to one. But the locals in the crucial periods fell down in fielding, and this explains the loss of the game.

Pointer was opposed on the mound by Wilkins, who also turned in a good game, fanning ten men, and the support which was given to Wilkins was good.

The first put out of the game was made by Andrews to Wilson, the first hit made was by Card, and the first error made was by Pointer.

Flagler hit the first hit for the visitors, Wilson of Gibbards got the first base on balls, Pointer was the first man to be hit by the pitcher. Flagler for the visitors made the first run and Andrews for Gibbards made the longest hit of the game, the ball going over the hedge in the field north of the diamond.

Gibbards had several men left on bases and a couple of good hits at opportune times would have brought in runs. The teams were :

Victorias—Haslett, rf ; MacDonald, lf ; Blaker, 1b ; Green, cf ; Darrah, 2b; Flagler, ss ; Latchford, 3b; Wilkins, p; Scott, c.

Gibbards—Card, 3b ;Andrews, 2b ; Gibbard, cf ; Bentley, lf ; Stinson, c ; Sweet, rf ; Wilson, 1b ; Lucas, 3b ; Pointer, p.

Umpires—Maher of Belleville behind the plate ; Ray Loucks of Napanee, on the bases.

The score by innings :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Victorias	0	0	0	1	2	2	0	0	—5
Gibbards	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1

Belleville had seven hits and Gibbards 10.

Wilkins struck out 11 and Pointer 22, making 33 strike outs, pretty fair in any game.

DRY DOCKS IN CANADA CAN TAKE LARGE LINERS

Montreal, May 26.—Canada has three dry docks that could accommodate the new Cunarder when she is ready, notwithstanding her length of 1018 feet, according to the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways. On the Atlantic side, there is a dry dock at Saint John ,N.B., and another at Lauzon, P.Q., both of which are 1,150 feet long. The former is 133 feet wide and the latter 144 feet at the coping. On the Pacific Coast, the dry dock at Esquimalt, B.C., is 1,150 feet long and 149 feet wide at the coping. All three are 40 feet deep.

Rhubarb contains a small percentage of astringent substances, or tannins, and it is probably that these are partly responsible for its characteristic flavor.

COURT OF REVISION

Townships of Denbigh, Abinger and Ashby.

Notice is hereby given that the Court of Revision of the Assessment Roll for the Townships of Denbigh, Abinger and Ashby for the year 1933, will be held in Both's Hall, Denbigh, on MONDAY, JUNE 5th, 1933, beginning at the hour of 10 a.m., for hearing of all appeals.

All persons having business at the said Court will please govern themselves accordingly.

JOS. ADAMS,
Township Clerk.

COURT OF REVISION

Township of Sheffield

Notice is hereby given the Court of Revision of the Assessment Roll for the Township of Sheffield for the year 1933, will be held in the Town Hall, Tamworth, on JUNE 5th, at 10 a.m.

All persons having business at the said Court will please govern themselves accordingly.

W. E. CARSCALLEN,
Township Clerk.

CONTRACTS SIGNED

MISS MAIR TEACHES FIFTY-EIGHT CONSECUTIVE YEARS

With one exception the contracts with the teachers of the Public Schools have been signed, consequently there will be only one change in the personnel of the staff, for the fall term. The one exception is Miss Jessie Mair, who will relinquish her duties at the end of the present teaching term. It is very doubtful if the record of Miss Mair can be surpassed in the province of Ontario.

Miss Mair has been teaching 58 continuous years, and for the past fifty-two years has taught continuously in the Napanee public schools. When she started teaching in 1875, her salary was $15 a month. For the first six years Miss Mair taught in rural schools, first near Tamworth, then Parma, going from Parma to near Bath, then at Stella, Amherst Island. In one rural school she taught on three occasions. In 1881 she was accepted as a teacher in the West Ward school, Napanee, remaining until 1888, when she went to the East Ward School. She taught at this school until 1908 after which she returned to the West Ward School. Since 1908 she has taught continuously in the West Ward School.

Miss Mair has served under seven principals, Messrs. Bowerman, Brown, McKay, Tice, Root, Edwards and Trenouth. During her 52 years teaching in Napanee, there have been four Inspectors, the late Alfred Burrows, the late D. A. Nesbitt, Mr. E. J. Corkill, who resigned last December, and Mr. M. R. Reid, who assumed his new duties in January.

Not only has Miss Mair attained a record for continuous teaching, but in the 52 years, she on only one occasion was compelled to remain home on account of sickness, and this sickness lasted about ten days.

Many pupils who have passed through her hands, attained prominent positions in several fields of labor.

ITALIAN AIR ARMADA TO VISIT CHICAGO

Shediac, N. B., May25.—Supplies of gasolene and oil are arriving at the Canadian National Railways freight shed here for Italy's flying flotilla, which will fly from Rome to the Chicago World's Fair and will make its first stop in Canada in Shediac Bay. A committee has been named under the chairmanship of Dr. J. Clarence Webster, F.R.S.C., to arrange for the reception of the Italian air armada when it alights in Shediac Bay. Some 10,000 gallons of gasolene are being sent to Shediac for refueling purposes. The arrival of the seaplanes is expected some time during the last week of May, or the first week in June. An official of the Italian Embassy at Washington is expected at Shediac shortly to make arrangements for refueling of the air fleet, repair work, etc. It is anticipated the air fleet will be in Shediac for about forty hours.

Invitations have been extended to Prime Minister R. B. Bennett and the Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick. Major General Hugh H. McLean, to attend the reception.

Martin Senour Paint.
100% pure, for inside and outside use. Also a good quality lower priced paint. Portland cement—fresh car.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

LADIES' GOLF

A very lovely luncheon given at the Club House on Saturday, May 27th formally opened the 1933 season for the ladies of the Napanee Golf and Country Club. Thirty-seven members were present. The lounge room was beautifully decorated with masses of Spring flowers, and the members were served at small tables, which were formed in four groups.

Immediately following the luncheon, the President, Mrs. W. H. Dibb, gave a most delightful address of welcome, and on behalf of all the members extended a most hearty vote of thanks to the hostess, Mrs. B. F .Davy, and her committee, Mrs. Dafoe, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. L. H. Douglas.

During the afternoon the entertainment for the associate members took the form of a Bridge, the prize for which was won by Mrs. C. I. Maybee, and that for playing members of three contests. Contest 1, was for Putting, and was won by Miss M. Grout. Contest 2, consisted of a Drive and Second Shot, and was won by Miss K. MacKinnon. Contest 3 was a 9 hole, Two Ball Foursome, won by Mrs. L. H. Douglas and Miss Diana Miller.

At five o'clock tea was served, thus bringing to a close a most thoroughly successful and enjoyable day.

Say you saw it in The Express.

GRACE CHURCH INVITES REV. T. R. RICHARDS, B.A., B.D., OF PORT PERRY

At a largely attended meeting of the Official Board of Grace United Church last Sunday evening, an invitation was extended by standing vote to Rev. R. T. Richards, B.A., B.D., of Port Perry, to become minister in succession to Rev. W. P .Woodger, B.A., who has received a unanimous call to Trinity Church, Cobourg.

Rev. Mr. Richards comes with a splendid experience behind him. Since graduation at Victoria University ,he has served on the Thomasburg, Castleton, Cavan, Peterboro, Mart St.; and Port Perry charges. He is past president of both the summer and winter schools for young people of the Bay of Quinte Conference, is Treasurer of the Conference, and chairman of the Oshawa Presbytery, and a Regent of Victoria University.

He has outstanding ability as a preacher and administrator and his work has been featured by his interest in young people.

Mr. Richards has signified his acceptance of the invitation and will take over his work in Napanee on July 1st.

OBITUARY

MRS. MINNIE DUMBRILLE

Mrs. Minnie Dumbrille, beloved wife of Rev. Canon Dumbrille, Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene Church, Napanee, passed away in the Kingston general hospital on Thursday last. Mrs. Dumbrille had been in poor health for some time and went to the hospital on Sunday and underwent a serious operation. For a few days her condition seemed hopeful, but on Thursday morning she became rapidly worse. Every department of St. Mary Magdalene church will keenly feel the loss of Mrs. Dumbrille, who was an indefatigable worker, and the vicarage was always open for use in any of the activities of the church or social events in connection therewith. Her work among the young people of the church was especially noteworthy. Mrs. Dumbrille was a daughter of the late Mr and Mrs. Oscar Fulton, of Anonmore. Besides her husband she leaves to mourn her loss a family of six, Mrs. H. P. McFarlane, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. J. I. Smith, Alexandria ; Mrs. J. G. Findlater, Toronto ; John Dumbrille, Kirkland Lake ; Oscar Dumbrille, Ottawa ; and Rupert Dumbrille, at home. Two brothers and two sisters and six grandchildren also remain.

St. Mary Magdalene church was thronged on Sunday afternoon for the funeral of the late Mrs. Dumbrille.

The president, Mrs. Shore Loynes, and the members of the W. A. attended the service in a body, occupying seats at the right of the centre aisle. Mr. W. R. Eppes presided at the organ, and there was a large choir.

The service, although very impressive in character was marked by its simplicity, and was conducted by Archdeacon Coleman, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Kingston, a former Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene Church.

The service was attended by Rt. Rev. John Lyons, Lordbishop of Ontario, and other clergymen present were Rev. Canon Jones of Kingston, Rev. R. W. Spencer, Rector of Camden East, Rev. C. E. S. Radcliffe, Rector of St. Mark's, Deseronto, and Rev. Herbert Pringle, Rector of the Parish of Tyendinaga.

Two hymns were sung and the Lordbishop read the Collects. With the singing of the Nunc Dimitis, the funeral cortege proceeded from the church, leaving immediately for Maitland, near Kemptville. The casket was banked with beautiful floral tributes. The members of the family were all present, as well as members of the Fulton family.

The pall-bearers were selected from the immediate members of the family and J. M .Simpson and George J. Tustin. Among those present was Hon. T. A. Kidd, of Kingston, Speaker of the Ontario Legislature.

STORM'S CORNERS

The softball team of Storm's Corners, which met with great success last year, have started to practice, and the team will be organized shortly. The fans are looking forward to another enthusiastic summer.

Mrs. William Robson, who was operated on for appendicitis in the Kingston General Hospital, has returned home and is making satisfactory progress convalescing.

Mrs. Emma Babcock, who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. James Robson for the past two weeks, has returned to her home in Wilton.

Clifford Reid, of Toronto, spent last week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fenton Reid.

FOUR PEOPLE KILLED AT ELMTREE CROSSING

REV. L. AND MRS. LEDDY, REV. A. D. CARSON AND SON ARE VICTIMS

Ardendale, May 26.—The Devil's Elbow crossing here again took its toll of victims today, when four persons in a car were struck and instantly killed by a Canadian Pacific way freight at 11.45 a.m.

The four were Rev. L. S. Leddy, of Marmora and Kingston ; his wife ; Rev. A. B. Carson of Bancroft and his son Asa, 15. The two ministers belonged to the Standard Church and were coming from an evangelistic meeting at Marmora.

The car was struck broadside on by the engine, with a thunderous crash. It was smashed to kindling, and the four bodies were thrown a hundred feet or more west of the crossing, along the tracks. At 2.30 p.m., the bodies were still where they were thrown, as the coroner, Dr. Seldon ,of Sharbot Lake, had not arrived.

The crossing ,one of the worst in east e Ontario, is about four miles west of Ardendale. It used to be known as the Elmtree Crossing, but since the number of accidents has increased somebody named it "the Devil's Elbow," and the name has stuck.

The freight train that crashed into the automobile left Havelock at 8.52 a.m. The identity of the victims was revealed by the license plate.

Mrs. Leddy's brother, Ben Hayes, lives at Ardendale. He was notified and was one of the first relatives at the scene.

The four victims had been at a camp meeting at Marmora, the station master here learned from Mr. Hayes.

J. Parks, farmer, who resides near the crossing, declared the whistle of the engine was blowing and the bell ringing, but for some unknown reason the driver of the car attempted to cross ahead of the engine.

The statement issued by the C.P.R. follows :

"Two men, one woman and a boy were killed this morning at 11.33, daylight saving time, when the automobile in which they were travelling struck a Canadian Pacific freight train proceeding west at a public highway crossing 3½ miles west of Ardendale, on the Havelock subdivision of the Montreal-Peterborough line. The automobile was travelling south ,and at the time of the impact at the crossing the train was proceeding slowly with the engine bell ringing and the engine whistle blowing."

Conductor George Warren, Smith's Falls, and Engineer Stanley Barlow said that they did not see the motor car approaching the crossing and were not aware of the accident until the car had been struck. The train was running about 25 miles an hour at the time.

Besides his wife, Rev. Mr. Carson leaves seven daughters and one son. His eldest daughter is the wife of Rev. K. M .Ridgeway of 54 Clinton St., Toronto, pastor of the Standard tabernacle. Two other daughters are employed in Toronto, one as a stenographer and the other at an institute for the deaf and dumb.

Mr. Carson came to Bancroft two years ago from Bloomfield, Prince Edward County, and built a small tabernacle.

Rev. Mr. Leddy was a minister in the Standard Church at North Marmora, a scattered settlement about 10 miles from Marmora. The minister had moved there with his family only a few months ago.

ADOLPHUSTOWN

The rain on Wednesday morning was very beneficial to all crops, particularly gardens. The grain is showing up nicely and the grass is a good length. There is a great profusion of bloom on all varieties of fruit trees and strawberry patches.

The ball game on Wednesday afternoon between the two Adolphustown teams resulted in a score of 23 to 7 in favor of Dorland.

Mrs. R. Carr and Miss L. Carr spent last week-end in Brighton attending the funeral of Mrs. Dunning, who was the only sister of Mrs. Carr.

Mrs. F. N. Davis entertained on Thursday in honor of the ninety-fourth anniversary of the birth of her father, J. B. Allison.

Mrs. H. John has returned from Denbigh, where she attended the funeral of her father.

Mrs. Humphrey has returned after spending several weeks in Brighton.

PAINT!
Is the best protection against decay. Get your boiled oil, Elephant White Lead and Antimo. Portland Cement fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

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NEWBURGH

The annual meeting of the Newburgh Branch of the Bible Society will be held on Thursday, June 1st, in St. John's Church, at 8 p.m. Address by Mr. W. Wadland, representative of the Upper Canada Bible Society.

At the S. S. session in the United Church on Sunday, Mrs. Anderson gave a story of a little Korean girl, Ahni, who was healed and cared for in the Mission hospital, this being the regular missionary Sunday.

Misses Clara and Emma Shorey went to Belleville on Saturday to spend the week-end with their brother Mr. J. Ed. Shorey, and accompanied him on a motor trip to Toronto on Sunday to visit their brother, W. D. M. Shorey.

Mr. O. S. Thompson, who has been relieving in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, returned home to Deseronto on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gerow, Norma and Lorna were dinner guests of her mother, Mrs. Stewart Weese on Sunday.

Mrs. J. Love, of Yarker, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. Cassada for a few days.

Newburgh softball team went to Strathcona on Monday evening and played a game with the Strathcona team. Score 18-9 in favour of Newburgh.

Miss E .Yeomans was the guest of Mrs. Joseph Yeomans and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Yeomans, River Road, on Wednesday.

The Newburgh girls softball team played an exhibition game at Tamworth with the Tamworth team on May, 24th. The score was 17-9 in favour of Newburgh.

Many friends of Mr. James Shorey, of Winnipeg, a former resident of Newburgh, were sorry to hear of his death on May 4th, after a short illness.

The Newburgh boys softball team played their first league game at Selby on Friday evening, May 26th ,with the Selby team. The score was 11-9 in favour of Newburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Boyce, of Syracuse, Mrs. C. Dawson of Watertown, N.Y., Mrs. N. VanAlstyne of Napanee, and Mrs. M .P .Husband of Empey Hill, were the Sunday guests of the formers mother, Mrs. A. Hughes and Mr. Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Vandervoort and Mr. and Mrs. Dean Vandervoort, of Toronto, spent the week-end with the latters parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Vandervoort.

Mrs. Wm. Cobourn, of Centreville, is visiting in the village for a few days.

Mr. Leonard Brown has opened up a bake shop on Main street, in the Free Methodist Hall ,and solicits the patronage of the vicinity.

WOMAN KILLED WHEN THROWN FROM CAR

Late Saturday evening, about three miles east of Madoc, Mrs. William King of Remington was instantly killed when the car in which she was driving was in collision with a car driven by Miss Marjory Moore of Napanee.

The two cars approached one another on either side of a sharp rise, and in the excitement Miss Moore evidently became confused and pulled to the wrong side of the road, side swiping the oncoming car. The car door on the side on which Mrs. King was sitting opened and Mrs. King was thrown out onto the road, causing a fracture of the skull. Miss Burnadette Craigen ,who was with Miss Moore, was severely injured. None of the other passengers in either car were injured, although both cars were badly damaged.

Miss Moore was arrested on a charge of criminal negligence and appeared before Magistrate Casement of Madoc, who remanded her until after the inquest, which will be conducted by Cornoer Eggleson. Miss Moore was remanded on bail.

The meadow mouse is a common species of the field mouse, occurring in all the provinces of Canada.

COMING EVENTS

DON'T FORGET NAPANEE ROTARY Field Day in aid of Crippled Children's Fund, at Napanee Driving Park, Wednesday, June 14th. 25-b

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Town Hall, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 3-tf

BRIDGE AND AFTERNOON TEA—U. E. L. Chapter I.O.D.E. intend holding a Bridge Party and Afternoon Tea in the Officers Mess, the Armouries, Thursday afternoon, June 1st, from three till six o'clock. Everybody cordially welcome. 27-a

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Litt.D.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JESUS FACES BETRAYAL AND DENIAL

Sunday, June 4th—Mark 14:10 to 72.

Golden Text:

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Isa. 53:3.

One of the most beautiful deeds in the history of the world and the blackest deeds in the history of the world, are recorded in adjoining verses in the Gospels of Matthew and Mark. The last verse of last week's lesson and the first of this, brings together the sharply contrasted actions of a woman and a man.

Mary of Bethany broke the "alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious," in her worship of the Lord; that she might annoint His body in anticipation of His crucifixion and burial; He declared that wherever the Gospel should be preached throughout the whole world, this should be "spoken of for a memorial of her."

Judas Iscariot, one of the twelve disciples, went from this very scene of worship and devotion "unto the chief priests, to betray Him unto them."

It is no mere coincidence that these two verses are together, the betrayal by Judas immediately following the anointing by Mary. The Holy Spirit, who inspired "all Scripture," has made immortal the shining and dastardly contrast between love and hate, worship and blasphemy.

Our Lord, Israel's Messiah, faithfully keeping the whole Law of Moses throughout His earthly lifetime, was careful to observe the passover supper in the ceremonial time and way with His disciples. But He Himself was the passover Lamb, the One toward whom every annual observance of the passover, from the time when it was first eaten in Egypt fifteen centuries earlier, typified, and to whom it looked forward. "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" partook of the feast that, for fifteen centuries, had symbolized His death that was now to come on the morrow. At the table He foretold the betrayal, but without naming Judas: "The Son of man indeed goeth, as it is written of Him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! Good were it for that man if he had never been born."

Peter's thrice repeated denial of the Lord was also foretold that night, though poor Peter, self-confident, boastful, vehemently declared that if they should all desert the Lord he never would, nor would he ever deny Him. "Likewise also said they all."

There followed the only Gethsemane agony that time or eternity has ever known or ever will know. There is but one Gethsemane—and God be praised, it is nineteen centuries in the past! We cannot understand it. We only know, from the inspired record, that the Son of God suffered there as no created man has ever suffered. Three times His prayer was repeated, that the Father might "take away this cup from Me: nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou wilt." Was He suffering the agony, that night, of what was to be consummated the next day?—the awful, unspeakable horror of bearing the sin of all the world? pure and holy and sinless, to be "made sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." (2 Cor. 5:21).

He was alone in His agony and prayer. He had asked the inner circle of three disciples, Peter, James and John, to watch with Him—and they fell asleep.

The betrayal followed, in that same sacred Garden of Gethsemane, as Judas identified the Lord with a kiss, that the armed soldiers might arrest Him and lead Him away to the farcical, false-witness trial predetermined upon His crucifixion.

Judas went straight to Him and said: "Master, Master;" and kissed Him. And they laid their hands on Him, and took Him."

Before the highest Jewish tribunal the Sanhedrin of chief priests and elders, and scribes, with the high priests presiding, false witnesses were heard but they could not agree. Finally the high priest asked Jesus directly: "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am; and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

Let us never forget that it was because Jesus of Nazareth claimed to be the unique and divine Son of God and Israel's Messiah that He was charged with blasphemy and crucified. Men may deny the Deity of Christ today if they will; Christ Himself declared it, and for that He was put to death. For the high priest gave the verdict: "Ye have heard the blasphemy: what think ye? And they all condemned Him to be guilty of death."

Simon Peter's strange and shameful denial came while the trial was going on. Three times he was charged by different servants or bystanders—as he stood outside in the court, warming himself at a fire—with being a follower of Christ. Each time he denied it; and the last time "he began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not this man of whom ye speak."

The night was passing, the early morn was at hand, and a cock crow had just been heard for the second time. The Lord had said to Peter, "Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice." It all came back to Peter now, and he broke down and wept.

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD
Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

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NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

(Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture)

In feeding barley to horses, care should be taken that it is never finely ground because it makes a sticky meal which adheres to the horse's teeth and cheeks.

A larger planting than usual of early potatoes has been made in Dufferin County. Owing to the convenience of five-minute acidulated, corrective sublimate treatment, many diseased tubers are being treated there this year. Fall wheat, alfalfa and clovers have made excellent growth and are in good condition in most districts. Seeding of spring grain has been practically finished.

Kill the Woodchucks

Woodchuck holes are a great nuisance. They may cause a horse to break a leg, while the mounds may break the cutting bar of a mower or at least blunt the sickles. This is the time to get rid of the pests. Search out all the holes and plug up all exits. Into the entrance either put calcium cyanide or else use the exhaust of an automobile. To use the automobile, attach a pipe and run the engine for twenty minutes, then plug up the hole and go to the next burrow. In the case of cyanide also the burrow must be carefully closed, preferably with damp earth. When using both these methods care must be taken. Be sure no syanide is left around where animals or children can get it. Keep away from the deadly gas coming out of the car exhaust.

Fertilizer Demonstration Scheme Enlarged

The interest shown by farmers in the Co-operative Fertilizer Demonstrations which have been conducted since 1929 by the Dept. of Chemistry, O.A.C., has led that body to include an ever increasing element of experimentation in their demonstration program. The work was started primarily to show the effectiveness of various mixtures of fertilizers, under the farmer's own conditions and observations, but with four years' experience it is felt that much valuable information can be obtained from these sources.

The 1933 work will be carried out on 20 farms in Old Ontario, and the total number of plots will exceed six hundred. The tests, as usual, are being laid down on all of the standard crops, but special studies are to be made of fertilizers on potatoes, turnips, alfalfa and sugar beets. The effect of fertilizer mixtures in hastening maturity is a point of special investigation in the husking corn areas, and their effect on quality is one of the problems to be studied for the potato and turnip growers. An extensive co-operative program is also being carried out with the market gardeners in the vicinity of Sarnia, London, Toronto, Brockville and Ottawa. These growers are particularly interested in problems of fertility management.

The keeping quality of milk is determined more by the temperature at which it is held than by any other factor. To keep satisfactorily, market milk must be cooled to around 45 degrees F. and held at that temperature.

Pears Are Peculiar

Pears are somewhat different to other fruit in so far that they do not develop their highest quality if allowed to ripen on the tree. For example, a William pear that has a tinge of colour on it, wrapped in paper and placed in a drawer for a few days, will ripen in such a way as to give a flavour that is highly desirable.

O. M. B. Reports Syrup Going to British West Indies

The Ontario Marketing Board reports that in the near future, several hundred gallons of maple syrup will go from Montreal to Jamaica, Trinidad, Bermuda, British Guiana and other points in that region.

Figures show that practically no Canadian maple syrup has reached the 2,000,000 population of the British West Indies, and very little from any other source.

Interest in Smaller Cheeses

Registered in Great Britain

British cheesemakers are recognizing the need for small cheeses to meet popular demand, according to the Ontario Marketing Board.

At the recent annual meeting of the Cheshire Dairy Farmers' Association, it was suggested that makers should consider the production of cheeses weighing two, three, four or five pounds. This item is of interest because it gives direct evidence of a trade not being solicited by Ontario cheese patrons, despite the fact that Canada is one of the world's largest cheese exporting countries.

Walnut Trees Distributed To Women's Institutes

Several hundred Japanese Walnut or Heartnut trees have been distributed to the Women's Institutes of Norfolk and Durham, and to more than one hundred of the Junior Institute delegates, who attended the recent Girls' Conference held at Macdonald Institute, O.A.C., Guelph.

Mr. J. A. Nelson, former nut specialist with this Department, generously donated the trees from his Guelph garden, for the purpose of stimulating an interest in this neglected form of horticulture in Ontario.

These trees, which are of a hardy, fast-growing race of Japanese Walnuts, are valuable, not only because of their very palatable nuts, but because they make attractive shade trees on streets and lawns. The Heartnuts require very little attention after planting, and if planted on otherwise waste land, they make a very desirable permanent crop.

Farmers' Cheques Exempt

Hon. E. N. Rhodes, Federal Minister of Finance has made provision in legislation to exempt farmers' cheques, money orders and postal notes of less than $5 from the provisions of the 3 cent stamp tax, the Ontario Marketing Board announced recently. This means that farmers' cheques for eggs and poultry as well as for milk and cream are now free of the stamp tax.

Gladiolus Thrips

A great deal of damage is being done to the Gladiolus in Ontario by a pest known as Gladiolus Thrips. All citizens growing this beautiful flower are urged to treat the corms before planting, so that the danger may be controlled as far as possible. The following treatment is suggested:—Dilute one ounce of corrosive sublimate in six gallons of water, and after peeling the corms soak them for three hours in this solution, the liquid being kept at about 70 degrees F. This material is deadly poison and should be dissolved in warm water, using earthenfare or wooden vessels.

A light dressing of hydrated lime may be sprinkled over the irises at this time.

Cut worms will soon begin to operate in the garden. A simple means of control is to mix one quart of bran, one teaspoonful of Paris Green and one tablespoonful of Molasses, with sufficient water to moisten the bran. This mixture should be lightly sprinkled about the plants in the late evening.

Farm and Home Week at O.A.C. June 19th to 23rd Inclusive

As usual the Ontario Agricultural College will be at home to the farm folks of the province for one special week in June. This year it has been arranged for June 19th to 23rd inclusive, and although many visitors find it possible to remain for only one day, provision is now made for those who wish to remain for from two to five days—at their convenience—and the week's program is prepared with this in view.

A special low rate of $1.00 a day for room and meals has been arranged for those who remain over and they should, if possible, send notice to the college in advance, and should register for their rooms immediately on arrival.

The program includes practical demonstrations and tours of inspection for both men and women each day, as well as entertainment in the evenings. Visitors are allowed to choose what most interests them in the program. Noon-day lunch will be free to all.

Most of the members of the faculty will be at the college for the week and will do everything possible to assist visitors to have an enjoyable and profitable time.

It is the wish of the college that as many as possible of the farm folks should arrange to stay for two or more days. This will give them a chance to enjoy the early mornings and evenings on the campus in comparative quietness, or to ramble about the gardens, fields, paddocks and buildings, and thus to get something of the spirit of the atmosphere of the place as well as to get information on various farm problems about which they may wish to enquire.

Naming the Chow

If you have a dog of Chinese breed such as the chow, pug or pekingese, of course you want your pet to have a Chinese name. Following are a few suggestions offered by the Dog World, with their English translations: Aye Shing—loving heart; Chu-Jen—the master; Chin-Pao—golden treasure; Fwo-Kin—parti-color dog; Ho Yan—a fine fellow; Kum-Sum—golden hearted; Kwai-Chu—foreign jewel; Kwai-Wha—little lady; Shoh-Dee—little brother; Shih Bah—snow white; Shuo-Kin—little dog; Tu-Sheng Tzu—only child; Tay Yiang—sunshine, and Yan-Dan—friend of man.—Detroit News.

Not Scriptural Quotation

The phrase, "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is not, as some have supposed, a Scriptural quotation. It is a variation of the line from "Maria," by Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." This may be traced back to a passage in "Jacula Prudentum," by George Herbert (1593-1632), "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure." About 1594, however, Henri Estienne wrote in "Premisses, etc.," "Dieu mesure le froid a la brebis tondue" (God measures the cold to the shorn lamb).—Exchange.

LEGHORN CAPONS FOR THE BRITISH MARKET

It seems highly desirable that every effort be made to expand Canada's export trade in poultry. In the Old Country there is an important place for birds that weigh under four pounds and it would appear that Canada might well have some share in that trade. With this object in view it is suggested by the Federal Department of Agriculture that Leghorn cockerels be caponized, specially grown, finished and killed to weigh under four pounds in order that they may be suitable for export.

That Leghorn cockerels so treated are popular in that market was demonstrated several years ago, when for three years the Department of Agriculture through the Experimental Farm sent shipments to London, England. At first the colour of the flesh and size of the spur were objectionable, but feed changed the colour and a harmless treatment fixed the spur. As a result the last of these shipments were highly satisfactory in every way and the request was for more. Unfortunately the old country prices were too low, for prices here were still comparatively high. Since then, however, the price on this side also have lowered and now it is expected shipments will show a profit. Further, if an export market is available it will mean that the grower of Leghorns may be able to obtain a cash return for birds that in some cases are being destroyed when young. At any rate it should relieve the home market to the extent of the shipments.

It is not expected that farmers with small flocks will be interested in this, but there are breeders who raise hundreds of Leghorn cockerels and communities where there are a large number of such breeders. These might be interested in a project that would provide such a market for a product from which little is made and because of which the local markets often are glutted. It might be possible for such communities to arrange for co-operative effort in caponizing if not for the feeding of these capons and the preparing of them for market.

For those who are willing to cooperate in such a plan no guarantee of price can be given, but every care will be taken by the Department to ensure its success. Attention to the checking of the spur and to the caponization are the first matters to consider, these should be done between the ages of 4 and 10 weeks. Information concerning this, also best ways to feed for quick growth, will be supplied those who are interested.

Application for further information may be made to any Experimental Farm, Dominion Live Stock Representative or Poultry Inspector.

American Trade Dollars Were Meant for the Orient

The trade dollar is a silver coin that was brought into existence in 1873 for export to China and other oriental countries to compete with the Spanish or Mexican dollars in circulation there. It was really a device for promoting the exportation of American silver. Silver in this form was readily accepted because of the government guarantee of its weight and fineness. These coins were issued from 1873 to 1885, inclusive.

Trade dollars also entered very largely into the trade of the Pacific coast states and territories, and later circulated extensively in every other state and territory. They were not intended by congress to be legal tender, but through an error, the authorizing act made them legal tender for sums up to $5. The legal tender quality, however, was withdrawn by a joint resolution of congress approved July 22, 1876, and the coinage of trade dollars was limited to such numbers as the Treasury department deemed sufficient for the export demand. They were finally retired under an act approved February 19, 1887.

Trade dollars of 1883, 1884 and 1885 are more rare than those coined during the other years, and if in proof condition command a premium.

Rush Message

A sepoy entered a telegraph office in India and handed in a message. The clerk, after reading the message, told him there was something wrong with the wording. "No, sahib, me know English," said the man. Again the clerk attempted to explain to him that it was worded wrongly. "Me know English," the sepoy declared haughtily and indignantly. "If you no send, me report Superintendent Mandalay." Then the message was forwarded. It read, "Come quick; father dangerously dead."—Vancouver Province.

Painting Known to Indians

Painting was known to the Indians who inhabited the western plains of the United States, although of a crude sort. On the continent of South America, the rough painting of pottery was known. The Central American tribes who preceded the ancient Mayan empire knew "slip painting," i. e., the slipping in of colored clay on the outside of pottery and outlining the slipped-in portion with a contrasting color, but that art belonged to ceramics.—Kansas City Star.

Radium Price Keeps Up

Radium is one of the few substances which have not declined in cost during recent years. This is unfortunate because of the great value of radium in the treatment of certain kinds of disease. For several years past, radium has been selling for about $70,000 per gram. This means it costs about $2,000,000 an ounce. There are only a few ounces of radium in existence, with a total value estimated at $17,000,000.

WHITE GRUB OUTBREAK IN EASTERN ONTARIO

That a white grub outbreak of extreme destructiveness is certain in light land areas is large proportion of Eastern Ontario from Frontenac county, to the Quebec border is the warning of the Entomological Branch, of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. The grubs wintered successfully and are present in the soil in some localities up to as high as 1,000,-000 per acre.

There is great danger that the insects will be destructive enough to cause a shortage of feed during the winter of 1933-34. Where the sod or hay or pasture land is being killed upon an any extended acreage the possible shortage of summer and winter fodder should be kept in mind and provision made for increasing the acreage of cutlings, green feed and winter fodder crops. The insects will be most abundant and injurious in light soil which was in sod during 1932.

The grubs which are three-quarters of an inch long, spent the winter in the lower levels of the soil. They will come to the surface again about the time the dandelions are in full bloom and after about that time may be seen in the soil when it is disturbed by cultivation. The crops most susceptible to injury such as corn, potatoes, strawberries, and root crops should not be planted on land this year unless it is known to be free from the grub.

Injury is at least likely to occur upon heavy sod and land which was free of crop in June or in hoed crop or grain in 1932. Upon farms with gravelly, sandy, loam or muck soil where most trouble is to be feared, animal crops should be planted on land under the plough last year unless known to be free from grubs. Further information, may be secured upon application to the local district agricuieural representative or to the Publications Branch Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, from either of whom a copy of an illustrated circular "White Grub Control in Eastern Ontario in 1933" can be procured.

Trillions of Stars Now Seen Via Telescope

A universe of imagination staggering size, with 300 trillion stars already within the range of the astronomer's largest telescopes and unknown numbers still unseen, was described by Prof. Harlow Shapley of Harvard university at the convention of the National Academy of Sciences meeting at the University of Michigan.

In only a portion of the sky, 76,000 galaxies of stars, of which our Milky Way is a typical example, have been charted, said Professor Shapley. He expects that eventually 300,000 galaxies will be mapped in the heavens, with an estimate of about a billion stars of which our own sun is an average sample in each galaxy.

Stars which appear reddish in color have been thought to be very far away, but now Dr. Joel Stebbins of the Mt. Wilson observatory, California, reported to the academy that some red stars located in the Milky Way are found much closer to us than has been estimated.

A layer of "cosmic dust" which splits the Milky Way makes the stars on the far side appear red, just as our sun appears red at sunset, when its rays come to the observer through a longer distance of the dust-filled atmosphere of our planet.—Scientific American.

Swift-Sailing Clipper Ships Hung Up Records

One of the famous California clipper ship races was that of the Wild Pigeon, John Gilpin, Flying Fish and Trade Wind. They sailed against time, leaving New York on different dates. Flying Fish won making the passage from New York to San Francisco in 92 days and 4 hours from port to anchor. The Gilpin made it in 93 days from port to pilot, and Wild Pigeon in 118 days. The Trade Wind, which left some time after the others, followed, with 102 days, having taken fire and burned for eight hours on the way. Another famous race was that between William H. Webb's Swordfish and Donald McKay's Flying Fish. The latter sailed from Boston November 5, 1851, and on the same day the Swordfish passed Sandy Hook. The Swordfish arrived in San Francisco on February 10, 1852, after a passage of 90 days from Boston.

Culture

Grove Patterson, on the Toledo Blade quotes from Matthew Arnold as to his idea of a man of culture. Arnold said: "The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time, who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, un couth, dull, abstract, professional exclusive; to humanize it; to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the best knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore of sweetness and light."

Ancient Soap Kettle

At Colchester, England, they dug up a bronze cauldron with drop handles. This kettle measures two feet across, and might have held the broth with which, as the rhyme tells us, the Old Woman who lived in a shoe fed her huge family.

The cauldron was found on the site of the old Roman camp, but the experts say it is Celtic work and that the first cook to stir it lived 2,000 years ago. It was looted by Roman soldiers, and it probably held soup made from looted cattle also. The life of a sacepan was not such a humdrum affair 2,000 years ago as it is today.

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Ohio Man Made President of Republic of Liberia

A colored man named Edward Roye, formerly a resident of Newark, Ohio, became president of the republic of Liberia. The circumstances that led to the establishment of this republic follow:

The negro republic of Liberia owes its origin to American philanthropy and enterprise. On the last day of 1816 a body of men who sought a solution of the slavery problem through the return of the negroes of Africa formed the American Colonization society, with Henry Clay for president, their aim being to establish an African colony for freed slaves.

Not until six years later did they succeed in inducing African princes of Guinea to favor their plan; but in 1821 a treaty was concluded by which they obtained a tract of land 500 miles long by 50 deep, on the Grain coast of West Africa. Thereupon the society began the exportation of colonists.

To each man was given 30 acres, together with the means for cultivating the land. The first town established was Monrovia, named for the then President of the United States. The form of government ultimately adopted that of the United States, and the country is universally recognized as an independent republic. In 1847 the protection of the Americans was withdrawn, and the country became the Free and Independent Republic of Liberia.

Breaking an Apple Easy if You Know the Secret

Have you ever seen anyone grasp an apple in his or her hands and break it cleanly in half without apparent effort? If you have, notes a writer in the Washington Star, you'll remember how strong you thought the breaker was, and how you wished you could do it. Maybe you tried it, and found your finger-tips digging holes in the apple, or possibly breaking it, but the break never was clean.

This stunt is like almost every other athletic feat—you have to know how to do it before you can succeed. Then, when you know how, you have to practice. Here's the way to break an apple:

Grasp the apple with both hands closing your palms over it, so that the fingers of one hand are pointing in the opposite direction from the fingers of the other. When you are holding the apple this way your elbows should be pointing outward and your two forearms should make a straight line. Get the apple as close to your chest as possible, then roll your shoulders forward, getting your elbows as far in front of you as you can.

Now roll your shoulders back, bring your elbows in again, and twist the hands out. If you have gripped the apple tightly enough, you'll find it has broken cleanly in half, and you'll be holding half in each hand!

Court Room Etiquette

There was an amusing scene at a Swiss Palais de Justice, when a number of persons charged with various offenses came up for trial. The first was acquitted but the justices fined him heavily because he was not wearing a collar. His lawyer stated that he had to send his client to get shaved before entering the court. On hearing the fine announced a number of other delinquents rushed from the court to buy collars in neighboring shops. They all returned looking very relieved but unfortunately they had omitted to buy neckties. They were admonished by the justices, who said that in future anyone appearing in court in this fashion would be severely dealt with.—Montreal Herald.

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The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

WNU Service

"I am going to write for Miss Wixom to come and take charge of the children," said Paul. "You must be with your mother without interruption."

Carla drew herself together with a little shock.

"Please don't. I must have the work—the pleasure—the inspiration of the children. Mother wants it that way, too. She sits in her window, and I can see her from the schoolhouse, and we wave our hands at each other every little while. She can see the children, and they are always thinking about her. Even during hours they don't forget. You see, they are as much mother's as mine, and we cannot turn them over to Miss Wixom. Mother and I need them. You won't send for Miss Wixom—until it is necessary."

"No."

As she rose from her chair she took the picture of Paul's wife from the desk and stood looking at it with her back turned to the light coming through the window. Thus it could not see them both—the profile of Carla, her exquisitely cut features, the grace and beauty of her head, and his wife smiling up at her out of the picture. After a moment Carla smiled gently in return.

"When is she coming home?" she asked.

"I don't know. She doesn't keep me in touch with her plans. Sometime before Christmas, I think."

He wondered why the note of bitterness persisted in coming into his voice when he spoke of his wife. It annoyed him. He tried, but could not keep it back. Yet it would come out.

"She likes to surprise me," he added, walking around the end of his desk to stand beside Carla. "When the time comes I'll get a telegram from her saying she is on board ship or in New York. 'Home, Paul,' she said last time. 'When are you coming to see me?' I, with the loved children as your love them."

"All women love children," replied Carla mysteriously

"No, she doesn't. I've wanted a lot of them. Boys, mostly. Claire could be such a wonderful mother."

"She will be, some day," said Carla.

"I saw the painting of it in her face when she was here, and I see it now—shining in her eyes—in this picture. She has a soul as big as the sea, Mr. Kirke, and she must have children."

She replaced the picture on the desk, and Paul helped her again with her raincoat.

"May I go with you?" he asked. "Like the children, I love your mother."

"Oh!"

The word escaped her lips, and the eagerness of it made his heart tingle.

"You mean that? You are not saying it just to be good to me? You love my mother?"

"Yes. Next to my own mother, who has been away from me so long."

He could not understand what he saw in her face. It was as if a flame had suddenly thrown a glow upon it.

They went out into the rain, and on the narrow cinder path Carla's arm touched Paul's. A soothing and pleasurable sensation accompanied the gentle pressure of it, and he glanced down at her head near his shoulder, imprisoned in its hood. He could see the silken mesh of her long lashes gathering the rain mist.

A few minutes later the mother welcomed him from her chair near the window, from which she could see Carla's school. Carla had taken his hat and coat. A new spirit had entered the house with them. She was smiling, kissed her mother, chirruped a few notes to a bird in a cage as she went for a moment into the kitchen. What a magnificent fight! The cottage was filled with birds and flowers. Out where Carla had gone a canary was singing. A sleepy cat was purring on a cushion at Mrs. Haldan's feet. In a small grate a fire was burning. Contentment and happiness, and not the shadow of death, seemed triumphant about him.

Mrs. Haldan was the soul of this cheer. Twenty-five years in America had taken from her the ruggedness of her native mountains but had left the spirit of their beauty. She looked at Paul with the same eyes that Carla had. Her hair was heavy, like Carla's, and almost white. Paul had a vision of her back in her mountains, a quarter of a century before. How much she must have looked like Carla then! What a thrilling grew in those out-of-the way places, like flowers lost in rugged rock crevices, with ages of history and the struggle of life behind it to give it character. A beauty with indestructible memories along with other things. Memory of love, most of all. He knew that Carla's father had died twenty years before, but one could always see him clearly in the eyes of Carla's mother, and when she talked about him it was as though he had gone away on a little visit only yesterday.

Carla would be like that. One love, one man, forever.

There was no pretense in her mother's gladness that he had come. They visited for an hour, and Carla made tea and served little cakes.

Never had Paul seen Carla so beautiful as during this wonderful hour he spent with her mother. When he was about to leave, and stood with her aside for a few moments, it seemed to him he could feel the throbbing of her body near him. Her fingers pressed his hand a little convulsively when he said good-by.

"You have made me happier than I have been in a long time," she said.

The words repeated themselves in his mind after he had gone. No woman had ever told him that he had made her happy, except his mother. Carla—and his mother. He took a long walk in the rain—up through the jack pines into the heavier evergreen timber, where the drizzle penetrated only in a mist—and the two women walked at his side. Then his wife joined them. There wonderful wives—his mother, Carla, his wife—with a fourth waiting for death back in her chair. The world must forever continue to be beautiful with such women in it. It was Claire, his wife, who turned him about and took him back to Derwent's home. He talked about her that evening. But he said nothing about the other three. They were locked in his heart, and it seemed sacrilege to open the door upon them.

CHAPTER IV

The next day was Saturday, and Paul started for Peribonka early in the morning with Carla. Bad weather had given way at last to glorious autumnal sunshine and warmth. He was glad the rain-soaked sand and clay made a horse and buggy necessary. Carla was different, had grown different overnight. The beauty which had come into her face when he was with her mother had not disappeared to leave it so tense and strained again. She seemed nearer to him, infinitely more dependent than yesterday, and happier—if there could be such a thing as that emotion left in her life.

They crossed the great blueberry "burns," with miles and miles of flat, wild country about them, reaching toward the lake on one side and the timbered wilderness on the other. Only at wide intervals was there a habitant's house, and they met no one on the sticky road. Even this barrenness Paul loved. He talked to Carla about the country. All nature, no matter how desolate it might appear to others, was beautiful to him, he said. Nature could not make a desolation that was not beautiful, and never was there a jarring note in its handiwork. Because of this numberless

could not see the beauty and pathos of a fire-blackened stub or the enchanting mystery of a dormant pond was not proof that Nature had made an error. It was merely evidence that most human eyes are blind.

In a sandy place he got out and cut bushes weighted heavily with blueberries, and they plucked the luscious fruit from the same stems and ate it as they rode on. It was almost happiness. Only the grim thing shadowing them kept it from being that, and even this shadow seemed to fold its wings for flashing moments. It grew with Carla, with the habit of her mother's people. Carla bared her head to let the air stir in her hair. Paul looked at it, with the restless desire in him growing stronger. It was always so smooth and soft, with its silky coils so gracefully fitting her head, that it seemed a loss of something precious not to see its beauty. He thought of what Lucy-Belle had told her husband—of the love story in Carla's life. Some man had loved it. Some man had put his hand upon it. As their road came into green timber and the listening of Carla's voice telling him that in her own heart was a love for Nature so great that she would never live in a city again, he wondered what it was that had spoiled her romance so that she would never care for any other man or marry.

They came to Peribonka, and Maria Chapdelaine set them a luncheon in the old-fashioned little dining room overlooking her garden, with its luxuriant array of vegetables and flowers. She admired Carla, and brought in a little girl she had adopted to show her what loveliness one might come to possess if one lived right. Carla was a bit embarrassed, and Paul delighted, by such ardent and frankly spoken approval. Samuel Chapdelaine, tall, thin, and the main prop of Peribonka's church choir, joined them at the table for a visit, and after a time Paul took him aside and explained his mission. They went up the street together, and when they returned the business was over. The small square of ground with its wild honeysuckle vines belonged to Carla.

He took her to see it after they said good-by to the Chapdelaines, and when they stood over it, looking down at the river, he saw tears in Carla's eyes for the first time since he had known her. She made no movement to hide them or wipe them away when she smiled her gratitude at him. He held out his hand, and she gave him her own. He held it for a few moments, and neither broke the silence which fell between them as they walked down the footworn path and through the picket gate.

An impulse which neither attempted to voice held them for a time in Peribonka. They went down to the river's edge and stood where they could see the birds splashing water over themselves on the sandbars. They saw the dumpy little twice-a-week boat from across the lake unloading goods for the villagers and habitants at its dilapidated wharf. On the opposite shore, close to the wayside, was a shrine. They could see its cross from where they stood, with the sun shining on it.

When they were ready to go Paul felt as if he were leaving something in Peribonka, just as the warmth of Carla's hand had left something in his heart. Carla, Peribonka, the little plot of ground—they would be as unforgettable as Mrs. Haldan's memories. He thought of this as they rode back through the afternoon. He thought of it later when he stood in his office again, and looked down upon the smash and grind of machinery in the pit. It troubled him and made him restless and uneasy. This day, burned deeply into his life, seemed unreal now that it was over. It was as if an experience had turned into a dream, a thing of a few minutes instead of hours.

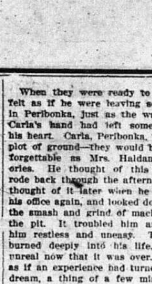
The friendly, faintly smiling gaze of his wife followed him about the room. He answered her letter that evening, and in his pages to her his freshly roused emotions found their voice. He told about the tragedy in Carla's life, of their journey to Peribonka, and of the little plot of ground in the cemetery. Writing in his office, with his wife's face looking at him, it was not difficult for him to let the floods pour out. Just as he had unleashed them once or twice before in his six years of married life with her. He was a man, wanting a woman. He wanted his wife. He did not want her in Europe or Egypt or waiting for him in a palace at Ottawa. He wanted her with him. He told her this as tenderly as a man could write to a woman. It was a letter of love, of artless hope, of visionings—to his wife. Carla was the inspiration for it.

He sealed and addressed the letter and put it in the company's mail. What a glory life would be if his wife would come at last! He had painted a picture for her in the letter—the golden beauty a part of the blue of open skies, a thing near and wonderful for him to have. But when he went out into the night and looked at the row of lighted cottages on the hill he thought of Carla, and a yearning to be near her possessed him again.

This impulse bewildered him. He went to his bachelor quarters and tried to read. One by one the houses grew dark. Still he endeavored to make his books and magazines interesting. But he had no nerves behind more sleepiness alert, and their obstinacy persisted after he had undressed and gone to bed. Something kept him awake—an incessant stream of things passing through his mind, detached, illogical, unreasonable, and always bringing him back in one way or another to Carla and her mother.

He got up and dressed. It was after midnight. Over the pit hung an illumination which reached up into the sky like the glow from a volcano. He turned down the cinder path and was soon among the men. No one was on the job who did not know him, even in the night shifts. Many of them spoke to him tonight, but their friendliness failed to wipe away the disquiet of mind which had compelled him to get out of bed. He looked at his watch once more. It was one o'clock when he reached the far end of the workings. A gravel-made road led to the forest trail higher up, and he took this road out of the pit.

After a little he came to the row of cottages. There was a light in the Haldan home, and he found himself wondering what Carla did with the long nights in which she waited for the coming of death. Was it possible for her to sleep? Or did she sit alone through dragging hours watching her mother, praying for the day? He stopped at the gate to the picket fence which enclosed her flower gardens, and his ears caught a sound which did not come from the pit. It was like a cry. He opened the gate quietly and went in. A window was open somewhere, and he could hear clearly a voice that was sobbing. It



It Was Carla! No One Else in the Cottage Could Be Crying Like That.

was Carla! No one else in the cottage could be crying like that—surely not Carla's mother. His heart thumped against his ribs. His breath came a little short. He went to the door and knocked against it gently. Then more loudly. Some one came, and the door opened. He entered and stood beside Carla. She had not been in bed, had not undressed. She was as he had left her hours before, except that her face and eyes were stricken with a grief that terrified him. Then, in the dim light, a miracle happened. She smiled at him through tears. "I was hoping for you," she said.

"I was passing—heard you crying—"

He said no more, because he had guessed only half the truth. He was careful to speak so that his voice would not awaken Carla's mother, if she were asleep. His mind was not working quickly, he was bewildered and frightened by the agony in Carla's face, the way she turned and went ahead of him into the big room with Mrs. Haldan's empty chair near the window, and from that to another room that was full of light, and from which the sobbing must have come at the gate. In the open door of this room Carla waited, and without turning her head gave him her hand. It was a cold, lifeless little hand, with no spark left of the warmth and thrill which he had felt in it a few hours before. He closed his own over it tightly, for the hand, more than Carla's face and eyes, struck the truth to his heart. They went in. Mrs. Haldan lay in her bed. Her face was lighted with peace, her lips were gently smiling. She was very white and very still. Paul knew she was dead.

Carla drew him nearer. When they were alone her mother she looked up at him. Her eyes, flooded with their pain, were starry bright, almost with pride, almost with glory.

"Beautiful," she whispered, the word breaking in her throat.

Paul bowed his head. "Yes, she is beautiful," he said, fighting to keep his voice even.

The hand which was not holding Carla's he placed on her mother's white forehead. For a few moments they stood in this way. Then the same impulse which had drawn his boyish lips to his mother's cold face when her passing was gone made him bend over and kiss the smooth, white brow where his hand had lain. A little cry tore itself from Carla's breast, and freeing her hand from Paul's she fell upon her knees and pressed her face closely against her mother. For an eternity, it seemed to him, he stood over her—an eternity in which he could find no words for his lips to say, nothing which might help a little to ease the grief which had come so suddenly and crushingly upon her.

Slowly he put out a hand until it rested on Carla's head. Then he gently stroked her hair, and after a little the tenseness went out of Carla's body, and she seemed to be weeping softly, as a child would sleepingly with wide-open, misty eyes, which Paul could not see, while through the partly open window came to them the drone and grind and distant tumult of the pit.

On Tuesday they went to Peribonka.

For thirty minutes there was silence in the pit, the first time in three years. The pit demanded it. It cared nothing for James Kirke, on whose millions it fed, but for Carla Haldan it held a warm affection. Out of the pit came tributes of flowers which smothered the little cottage on the hill, and for Carla and her mother went to Peribonka the soul of the pit went with them. For the first time Paul looked down upon it and almost loved it.

The next day Carla was among her children in the school. This was the most amazing part of her fortitude. Two days later Paul was called unexpectedly to New York.

The pit was soon submerged him for a fortnight, its passionate business details, its conferences, the talk of still more millions, and of greater activities, was like a plunge into a maelstrom. His father and Durand had perfected a fresh scheme for bringing in another hundred million dollars of other people's money. Each day they were struggling to reach a little farther, to heap new office on building, with its appalling efficiency and ceaseless rush of living creatures, oppressed and dismayed him, and his old obligations of life began to weigh upon him. It was worse than the pit, for the pit had its redeeming edge of wilderness and its human forces at work with their naked hands in the sand and clay. Here his mind seemed dulled, his wits blunted, his senses overwhelmed by the magnitude of the things which he knew were happening without the physical use of hands and feet, without the flesh and blood vigor—the strain of brawn and muscle—which had made the pit endurable for him. He made no great effort to enter into it or to understand it. The house where his mother had lived seemed no longer even the husk of a home. It was filled with a cathedral stillness, wrapped up, packed away, mummified, like a palace whose occupants had suddenly died, a place guarded by soft-footed and obsequious servants who made him shiver. It was a sepulcher of hopes for him, a tomb of gayety and laughter and entertainment for Claire. Here he felt about him a clinging emptiness, a great loneliness, a haunting unrest—and in this same environment Claire would find amusement and happiness when she returned. The truth of the thing added to his heaviness of heart. A new note had come into his letters. He was beginning to ask himself if Claire, with all her wealth and freedom, were really happy. And if, in any way, it were possible for him to make her happy.

He had written to her immediately after the death of Carla's mother, and toward the end of the fortnight he sent her another letter. He wanted her more than ever, and in this last letter, his third since he had heard from her, he told of the loneliness of the great house, its emptiness, its coldness, and how only her golden presence could bring it back to life. Inspirationally he made a suggestion. If she would come back and spend only a little while with him upon the Mistassini, he would take her anywhere she might want to go when the job was off his hands—around the world, if that would please her. It would be rather wonderful, wouldn't it? Around the world—just they two! He asked the question with almost boyish hope and earnestness.

He was glad when the day arrived for him to leave for the Mistassini, for there seemed to be something of homeness about the pit for him now. The company boat met him at Roberval, across the lake. When he first caught the gleam of sunlight on the white, bare walls of the monastery at the mouth of the Peribonka, he felt as if a soothing and friendly influence had come to possess him.

A press of business awaited him at his office, and not until the day after his return did he see Carla. She was among her children in the closing hour of school in the afternoon. The tragic strain which he had observed in her face before her mother's death had disappeared. A deeper and more permanent thing had taken its place, and though it was less poignant, it stirred him for a moment with a sense of uneasiness, as if he had personally lost something. He could not tell just what it was, then or afterward. She seemed older, as if he had been away two years instead of two weeks, and he felt, in an unaccountable way, as if a distance as wide as the pit itself had come between them. Even the little tremble of gladness in her voice when she greeted him did not dispel this effect.

He walked with her to the cottage, and she gave him flowers for his office, and when he returned with them and put them on his desk, he was oppressed still more by the sense of having missed an important and necessary thing which he had expected to find when he came back to the pit. He was sure that Carla had been glad to see him. But she was not the same Carla he had taken over the blueberry plains to Peribonka. He doubted if she would personally come to his office with flowers again.

In this he was mistaken. She came on Saturday morning with an armful of asters. Another night or two of frost and they would all be gone, she said. She talked about Claire, and they talked for a few minutes of his visit to the city. She did not speak of her mother, or Peribonka, or anything that had to do with herself—except her flowers and her school. As she arranged the flowers she bent over his desk so that the silky head which he had stroked with his hand was very near him, and suddenly he felt himself overwhelmed by a flame that left no part of him untouched. When Carla's deft fingers finished their task, she found Paul looking at her with a face that was wholly Indian once more. He thanked her as he might have thanked her a year ago. His hand touched hers for just a moment, and a swift throb came in Carla's throat. Their eyes met, Carla's faultlessly clear and pure and filled with a shining light—Paul's with a somber, settled grimness far back in them.

At his door they paused another moment. Then Carla left him.

It was her last visit to his office.

Within an hour after she had gone Paul was driving to Peribonka alone. The roads had hardened, and he made it quickly in his car. The asters and a bunch of roses which had come to him from Roberval he placed on Mrs. Haldan's grave. Carla had been there, for the grave was well cared for and covered with flowers from her garden, most of them faded and shriveled by the frosts. These he gathered in a cluster and placed in a pot by themselves, near his roses. He remembered that Carla loved flowers even when their color and life were gone.

He made no effort to blind himself to the fact which had leaped upon him so irresistibly when he had looked at Carla's head bent over his desk. The futility of such evasion had come to him with almost equal force. He wanted Carla, and that want was as much a part of him as his vision or his sense of the obligations of life. It was she who had brought him back to the Mistassini with a feeling that he was on his way home. His regard for her was not a sudden irruption brought about by a moment of emotional restlessness, which might have been stirred by her nearness and her beauty. He could look back and see where it had been growing in him slowly over a long period, an unexpected effect upon him. It was worse than the pit, for the pit had its redeeming edge of wilderness and its human forces at work with their naked hands in the sand and clay. Here his mind seemed dulled, his wits blunted, his senses overwhelmed by the magnitude of the things which he knew were happening without the physical use of hands and feet, without the flesh and blood vigor—the strain of brawn and muscle—which had made the pit endurable for him. He made no great effort to enter into it or to understand it. The house where his mother had lived seemed no longer even the husk of a home. It was filled with a cathedral stillness, wrapped up, packed away, mummified, like a palace whose occupants had suddenly died, a place guarded by soft-footed and obsequious servants who made him shiver. It was a sepulcher of hopes for him, a tomb of gayety and laughter and entertainment for Claire. Here he felt about him a clinging emptiness, a great loneliness, a haunting unrest—and in this same environment Claire would find amusement and happiness when she returned. The truth of the thing added to his heaviness of heart. A new note had come into his letters. He was beginning to ask himself if Claire, with all her wealth and freedom, were really happy. And if, in any way, it were possible for him to make her happy.

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He went to her, breathing quickly because of his exertions, and Carla laughed softly, almost with a little triumph in her throat, when he showed her his hands blackened by pine pitch.

He went to Peribonka frequently during these autumn days, and once a week he had flowers sent to him from Roberval for Mrs. Haldan's grave. Carla knew of his visits to the little cemetery, and Paul made no effort to conceal them from her. He never went on Sunday, which was Carla's day with her mother. When she tried to express to him the depth of her gratitude, he talked as if it were the spirit of his own mother he was thinking of when he took flowers to Peribonka. But he felt he was not hiding the truth from her, and was rather glad of it. It was a satisfaction for him to know that Carla was conscious of his thoughts about her. It made his fight easier, gave it a certain thrill, which comes to a man when he is aware that some one he cares for is watching him. And the knowledge of it could not harm Carla, in whose life another love had fastened itself so securely that no corner of her heart could be filled with an emotion responsive to his own. They made no effort to avoid each other except that he did not take her to Peribonka and she did not come to his office any more, and one day when they were together he asked her frankly why she did not marry. No sooner were the words spoken than he was sorry. He could see the hurt flame up for an instant in her eyes, like a fire from which a curtain had been suddenly snatched away; and then it died out, leaving her face a little whiter, but smiling at him gently, as if she were apologizing for letting it affect her in that way. Then she told him. It was almost traditional in their family that a woman should have but one love. And she had loved a man, still loved him, with all her heart and soul, though he was gone from her forever. The love had come into her life a long time ago. She emphasized this fact, gazing away from him with her long lashes veiling eyes filled with regret.

He was glad he had heard the words from her own lips. It built up a new comradeship between them and made him more positive of his triumph over himself. A letter from Claire helped him. His wife laughed at his pleasantly for his whimsical suggestion of a journey around the world, and then painted in her picturesque and vivid way the torture which she would put such a trip would be for him. "Without trees, your ocean a sky, your big outdoors, you would die before we got half around, Paul," she wrote him. "It would be merciless of me to take you away in that way for my presence in up at the Mistassini. I am coming, and just because I want to come. I am anticipating seeing something very wonderful up there, something which will mean greatly more to you and me than six months or a year rambling around the earth. As for such a trip, with you in it"—and then she went on to tell him she could not bring herself to be thought she had ever known. The letter thrilled him. It gave him a new vision of Claire, who had never analyzed him in this gentle and understanding way, portraying for him the life which he loved as though it were a part of herself. But in the end, after assuring him again that she was coming to him and was looking forward to the time when they would be together, she said her return to America might be postponed until the following May or June. Could he wait that long?

Carla also received a letter from Claire. It was filled with a womanly tenderness and sympathy for one who had suffered a great loss, and was filled with the intimate knowledge and sentiment which could only have been given and inspired by Paul. Carla let

(Continued on Page 6.)

Residence of Presidents

There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent men who are residents of the same state holding the offices of President and Vice President of the United States. The Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution reads in part: "The electors shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves." No party has ever nominated candidates for these two offices from the same state. Obviously it would be unwise to do so because those born from that state could vote for only one of them, even if the party carried the state. But the electors from all the other states could vote for both candidates.

When Drama Came

The earliest European drama is the Greek, which, growing in connection with the festival of Dionysius, culminated in Attica, where the festival came to be celebrated by the performance of a trilogy, consisting of one comedy and a trilogy of satyric plays, or tragedies celebrating a connected series of mythic episodes. In Medieval Europe mystery, miracle and morality plays, acted in connection with the church festivals preceded the appearance during the Renaissance, of the modern drama which has developed besides tragedy and comedy, tragi-comedy, melodrama, opera, burletta, farce, etc.

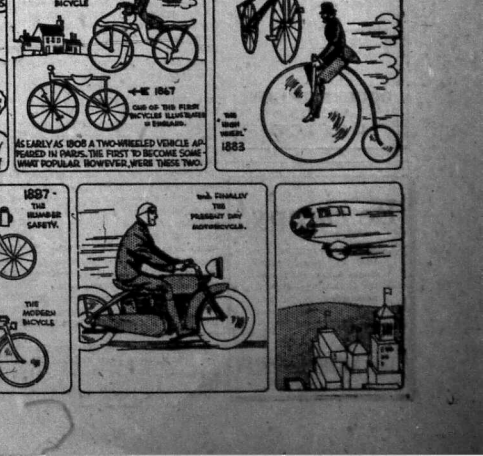
Cannon Recall 1807

Two muzzle-loading cannon with the words "Woolwich Arsenal" on them, together with the date 1801, found in the Riachuelo river, near Buenos Aires, are the property of a farmer living on a comparatively good state of preservation. They are believed to have been spiked and thrown into the river by the British forces when they were dislodged from their entrenchments during the second British invasion of the River Platte, in 1807. They were placed in the National History museum, in Buenos Aires.

Statue Regulates Opening

Birmingham, Ala., barks back to the day of the mule and wagon twice each year, with opening of Circuit court at 11 a. m. on the convening day. The law was meant to give residents of remote sections time to reach the courthouse.

BUD 'n' BUB EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLE By ED KRESSY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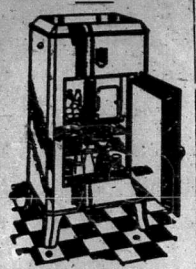

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THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Convention.

The annual convention of the Religious Council for Richmond township will be held in Empey Hill United Church on Monday, June 5th. An interesting programme has been prepared. 26-b

County Executive Met.

A meeting of the County Executive composed of presidents of the various Ladies' Aid Societies met in Napanee on Thursday when plans were discussed relative to the annual convention which is to be held at the Empey Hill church in the fall.

Exhibition Game Softball.

Grace Church softball team motored to Gretna on Wednesday night and played an exhibition game with the team of that village. The locals were without the services of several of their players owing to the holiday, and this coupled with the fact that the ball field is not very conducive to good ball, the Napanee team lost be the score of 17-8.

Underwent Operation.

Miss Verna Huycke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Huycke, of North Fredericksburgh, was rushed to the Kingston general hospital on Friday morning, acute appendicitis having developed. Miss Huycke, who has been attending the Napanee Collegiate Institute, has been residing at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clarke, South Napanee.

First Band Concert of Season.

The Napanee Citizens' Band held its first open air concert for the season at Harvey Warner Park on Friday night, and was much enjoyed by a goodly number of the citizens, particularly the younger generation. During the past few months weekly rehearsals have been held and several new selections were played, as well as a number of old time favorites. Mr. Alex. MacGregor is again conducting the band this season, and the numerical strength is well up to last year.

Mission Circle.

The May meeting of the Mission Circle of Grace United Church was held in the Sunday school rooms of the church on Monday evening of last week, with a good attendance. The President, Miss Emma VanAlseyne, presided, and items of business were discussed. It was decided to unite with the Mission Circle of Trinity church for a picnic, which is to be held at Springside park, Napanee in June. This will be the concluding meeting before fall. After the business session interesting readings were given by the Misses Violet Hall, Elsie Root, Dorcas Randall, and Helen Howe. Miss Dorothy Coakwell contributed a pleasing vocal solo, with Mrs. B. M. Black as accompanist. At the close ice cream and cake were served.

Completing Arrangements.

The executive of the Napanee Women's Institute met at the home of the President, Mrs. W. S. Exley, on Thursday night, to discuss plans and make arrangements for the District Annual which is to be held at the town hall, Napanee, on Tuesday, June 20th, when sessions will be held morning and afternoon. It is expected that there will be a large representation at the annual, as over 175 delegates are to be present. Mrs. Exley presided at this meeting and the following committees were appointed :

Refreshments—Mrs. W. S. Exley, Mrs. Katherine Powell, Mrs. R. S. Ham, Mrs. Albert Reid, Mrs. J. S. Douglas, Mrs. Raymond Moore, and Mrs. John Geen.

Music—Mrs. Katherine Powell and Mrs. B. M. Black.

Registration—Mrs. R. S. Ham.

Tickets—Mrs. Blake Gilbert and Mrs. Katherine Powell.

This will be a very important convention as all the Institutes in the Counties of Lennox and Addington will be represented.

Softball Season Opened.

The softball season got away to a good start on Friday night, when the Strathcona team administered a defeat to the Grace Church team, the score standing 9-6. This is the first season of the Strathcona team in the Napanee and District League, and they put up an exceedingly good brand of ball. In the first innings, Patrick, the visiting catcher, made the longest hit of the game and before the ball could be retrieved he was across the plate. Grace Church had a batting spree in the second, scoring three runs, but the visitors came back in the third sending six runs across the plate, half of these being due to errors on the part of the locals. From the third until the seventh and concluding innings the game was well played by both teams, the visitors scoring two runs, while the home team scored three. There was a large crowd on hand, a goodly number coming from Strathcona. Grace Church were without two or three of their regular players, but the team with the exception of the third innings, put up good ball. Strathcona also has a smart team, and if the boys play the brand of ball that was exhibited Friday night, the other teams have a contract on hand. The teams were :

Strathcona—Finlay, 1b ; Conley, 2b ; Sutton, 3b ; Buck, ss ; Ballance, lf ; Harwick, cf ; Uens, rf ; Patrick, c ; Reynolds, p.

Grace Church—Jones, 1b ; Lowe, 2b ; Leary, 3b ; Leary, ss ; Deline, lf ; Gerow, cf ; Vick, rf ; Barragar, c ; Thompson, p.

Roscoe Scott, umpire.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30 a.m.—Class Meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Morning worship conducted by Adjutant Petrie of the Salvation Army.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—Evening Worship, conducted by the minister.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

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25-o H. CORNWALL.

Card of Thanks.

Rev. Canon Dumbrille and his family desire to thank all his kind friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy in the time of their great sorrow. 27-ap

Money Theft at Tamworth.

Provincial Special Constable D. B. Wagar, of Enterprise, was in town on Friday morning and reported that a sum of money, a trifle in excess of $60.00, had been taken from the till at Cournyea's garage, Tamworth, on Victoria Day, and the police are working on the case.

Cinderella.

An article, in The American Weekly, with next Sundays Detroit Times, tells of the astonishing career of a Japanese girl who was rescued from a Tokio den of vice, married her rescuer and helped him climb from obscure poverty to Premier of Japan, thus making her a Countess and a Lady of The Imperial Court.

Lay Delegates.

The following are the lay delegates who were appointed to attend the annual Bay of Quinte Conference, which is being held this week :

St. Andrew's United Church—G. H. Rankin.

Trinity United Church—Alpine Woods and Cartwright Hawley.

Grace United Church—R. S. Wales and John Frisken.

Bay Circuit—Walter Huffman .

Softball.

Newburgh defeated Richmond in the first game of the softball season, the score standing 9-7. The game was played at Richmond on Friday night and was closely contested. On the same evening, Frontenac Regiment defeated Gretna at Gretna, by the one-sided score of 17-4. The game was late in starting, and as only five innings was played, according to the rules it will not constitute a game, and will have to be played at a later date.

Gave Tulip Tea.

The Ladies' Aid Group of Trinity Church, convened by Mrs. D. B. Wilson and Mrs. C. W. Vandervoort, gave a tulip tea at the residence of Mrs. Vandervoort on Thursday afternoon. The home was beautifully decorated with tupils and lily of the valley. The tea table, presided over by Mrs. F. H. Henderson and Mrs. F. LaSalle, looked lovely with its decorations of pink tulips and valley. A cooked food table with its tempting array was an added attraction to the event.

Market.

There was an abundance of fresh vegetables on the market on Saturday morning and the selling was quite brisk. Rhubarb, radishes and asparagus sold freely, with prices about the same as last week. Eggs were about the same in price, sell at two dozen for 25c. There was very little butter offered for sale. Hundreds of boxes of tomato plants were on sale and sold fairly well. A display of pups created much interest. There was the usual quantity of fresh meats.

Mrs. Batten Entertains.

From Toronto Daily Star—Mrs. R. A. Batten entertained at a delightful tea today in honor of Miss Grace Boyes of Napanee, whose marriage takes place shortly. Mrs. Batten received with the guest of honor, who wore a lovely white corsage, the gift of her hostess. The dining-room sun-room were thrown into one to form the tearoom, where Mrs. F. S. Boyes and Mrs. J. M. McIntosh presided at a table charming with pink and white decorations. A silver basket filled with lily-of-the-valley was lighted with tall, pink candles in Dresden holders. Mrs. A. Puddy and Mrs. A. Vrooman looked after the ices and the accostants were : Mrs. J. J. Adams, Detroit; Miss Margaret Baillie, Miss Alice Redman, Mrs. Kenneth Petzis, Miss Irene Wilson, Miss Jean McIntosh, Miss Betty Van Every, Miss Helen Grange ,Napanee, and Mrs. William Little. The assistants all wore shoulder bouquets of lily of the valley and iris, the gift of their hostess. The guests numbered 100. In the evening Mrs. Batten gave a small bridge party for her assistants.

Say you saw it in The Express.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE'S CHURCH

Rev. Canon R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services for Sunday after Ascension Day, June 4th.

8 a.m.—Holy Communion.

10 a.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.

11 a.m.—Matins and Litany.

7 p.m.—Evensong.

Passed Examinations.

J. Alan Walters, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A .Walters, was successful in passing his final year in medicine at Toronto, and his many friends will be pleased to learn of his success. While at the Napanee Collegiate Institute, Alan was one of the outstanding pupils, and success has marked his every year at the University.

Exhibition Games.

The Enterprise baseball team played an exhibition game at Tamworth on May 24th with the Parham baseball team, the score being 5-4 in favour of Parham.

The first game of the season in the opening of the Lennox County League was played at Tamworth also on Victoria Day with Gibbards of Napanee. The score in a ten innings game being 6-5 in favor of Gibbards.

Open for the Season.

I wish to inform the public that Palmetto Pavilion, Beaver Lake, has opened for the coming season. We offer you facilities for field days, afternoon picnics, banquets, etc., at reasonable rates. To avoid misunderstandings, arrangements must be made fifteen days in advance. We are striving to give you the [illegible] service in return for the hearty co-operation we have received in the past. Dont forget the dance on Friday evening, June 2nd.

CHAS. O'NEILL.

Rotay Club.

At the weekly dinner of the Club on Tuesday, Mrs. J. E. Madden and her class of pupils gave a very fine musical program. The artists were Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Denison, and Misses Ruth Graham, Mildred Heughan, Muriel Garrison, Mildred Loucks, Florence Hall, Olive McMillan and Margaret Nolan. Master Harold Zender also assisted as a soloist. Rotarian Harry Card reported that the program for the Rotary Field Day at the Napanee Driving Park on June 14th, is progressing. Mr. Card has secured boxing and wrestling features and other sport events are being prepared. It will be a big day of sports.

Three Months Terms For Napanee Men.

Ross Pretts and Henry Laird, both of Napanee, were sentenced to three months imprisonment for breaking and entering the home of Henry Fisher, Westbrook, when they appeared for sentence before Magistrate D. J .Rankin in County Police Court, Kingston, on Thursday. Daniel Wheeler, also of Napanee, the other member of the party, who pleaded guilty to a like charge Tuesday, was remanded a week for sentence. Pretts and Wheeler pleaded guilty to the charge when arraigned before the magistrate on Tuesday, but Laird entered a "not guilty" plea but after hearing the case Mr. magistrate found him guilty as charged.

ANNUAL TYPEWRITING CONTEST

To be held in the typing room of the Napanee Collegiate Institute on the evening of June 6th, at 7.30.

RULES

Senior Cup—Open to school students, school graduates, and any one in the Napanee district.

Intermediate Cup—Open to day or night school students who have been typing less than three years.

Novice Cup—Open to day or night school students who have been typing less than one year.

Contestants may supply their own machines, or may use a school machine. When entering his name, a contestant will please state whether he wishes to use a school machine (Remington or Underwood) or to supply his own.

Contestants from the Napanee district may enter for the Senior Cup Contest by phoning the Collegiate, 351. Entries should be made before June 2nd, especially if a school machine is to be used.

The test will be fifteen minutes in length and will be judged by the rules for International Typewriting Contests.

Local Jottings

The County Grange celebration on July 12th will be held this year at Forest Mills.

Tuesday about one o'clock, the firement had a call to the home of Mr. Roy Moore, corner of Mill and Robert streets, where a coal oil stove had become ignited. The oil stove was damaged as well as the ceiling of the kitchen blistered.

Two brothers from the township of Portland are summoned to appear in the Police Court at 11 o'clock on Monday, June 5th, to answer charges of occasioning bodily harm to one Fred Clifford, of the Township of Camden. The case is in charge of Provincial Officer Barrett.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

REV. HARRY PAWSON, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Morning Worship.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday school.

7 o'clock—Evening service.

LENNOX COUNTY BASEBALL LEAGUE

1933 SCHEDULE

Wednesday, May 31st—
Gibbards at Maple Leafs.
Enterprise at Tamworth.
Saturday, June 3rd—
Dorland at Yarker.
Wednesday, June 7th—
Yarker at Gibbards.
Tamworth at Dorland.
Saturday, June 10th—
Maple Leafs at Enterprise.
Wednesday, June 14th—
Maple Leafs at Dorland.
Saturday, June 17th—
Enterprise at Gibbards.
Tamworth at Yarker.
Wednesday, June 21st—
Dorland at Tamworth.
Saturday, June 24th—
Yarker at Maple Leafs.
Gibbards at Enterprise.
Wednesday, June 28th—
Tamworth at Gibbards.
Enterprise at Dorland.
Saturday, July 1st—
Maple Leafs at Yarker.
Wednesday, July 5th—
Enterprise at Tamworth.
Saturday, July 8th—
Dorland at Enterprise.
Tamworth at Maple Leafs.
Wednesday, July 12—
Gibbards at Dorland.
Saturday, July 15th—
Enterprise at Yarker.
Maple Leafs at Gibbards.
Wednesday, July 19th—
Dorland at Gibbards.
Enterprise at Maple Leafs.
Saturday, July 22nd—
Gibbards at Yarker.
Tamworth at Enterprise.
Wednesday, July 26th—
Yarker at Dorland.
Maple Leafs at Tamworth.

BAY OF QUINTE BASEBALL LEAGUE

1933 SCHEDULE

Wednesday, May 31st—
Picton at Brighton.
Wednesday, June 7th—
Gibbards at Picton.
Brighton at Belleville (played at Brighton).
Wednesday, June 14th—
Gibbards at Brighton.
Belleville at Picton.
Wednesday, June 21st—
Picton at Brighton.
Gibbards at Belleville (played at Napanee).
Wednesday, June 28th—
Brighton at Gibbards.
Belleville at Picton.
Saturday, July 1st—
Picton at Gibbards.
Wednesday, July 5th —
Gibbards at Picton.
Brighton at Belleville (played at Brighton).
Saturday, July 8th —
Brighton at Gibbards.
Wednesday, July 12th—
Belleville at Brighton.
Picton at Gibbards.
Wednesday, July 19th—
Brighton at Picton.
Gibbards at Belleville.
Saturday, July 22nd—
Belleville at Brighton.
Wednesday, July 26th—
Picton at Belleville.
Friday, July 28th—
Brighton at Picton.
Saturday, July 29th—
Belleville at Gibbards.
Wednesday, August 2nd—
Gibbards at Brighton.
Picton at Belleville. (Played at Picton.

NOTE—Belleville may change some of their road games to the Belleville grounds, when satisfactory dates can be found.

"And the other disciples came in a little ship (for they were not far from land, but as it were, two hundred cubits) dragging the net with fishes. As soon then as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread. Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now caught. Simon Peter went up and drew the net to land full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three ; and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken." John 21 : 8-11.

The spirit strives and yet there you stand,
In eight of bliss and the glory land ;
Retreat is death in the sinking sand,
Come away to Jesus now.

A BIBLE LOVER.

EMPEY HILL

There will be no church at this appointment next Sunday.

Rev. H. W. Foley is attending the Presbytery at Bowmanville.

The Sunday School Convention for this district will be held at the United Church here on Monday, June 5th, afternoon and evening with a good program.

Mrs. M. P .Husband spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. N. VanAlsyne, Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E .Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. O. A .Hudson and Mrs. A. Pinney were dinner guests at Mr. T. Scott's, Sharp's Corners, on Monday.

Mrs. W. H. Merry, Belleville, Miss N. P. Merry and Miss Bunting of the Belleville Collegiate staff, and Mr. D. Rowse, of Toronto, spent May 24th with Mr. and Mrs. C. J .Akey.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Boyce, Syracuse, Mrs. C. Dawson, Watertown, Mrs. N. VanAlstyne, Napanee, and Mrs. M. P. Husband spent the dinner hour on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Hughes, Newburgh.

Mrs. A. Whittington spent the week-end at Mrs. Casey Denison's, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Gibson's, Napanee, and called on her niece, Miss Ruby Rifkley.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E .Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Hudson and Mrs. A. Pinney spent Tuesday at Howard Ashleys, West Huntington.

Mr. Don. Bamber and Miss Bessie Ashley, of Belleville, were visitors at Mr. O. E. Ashley's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Akey and Bernice spent the dinner hour on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCrae.

Thursday was Ascension Day and special Masses were observed in St. Patrick's church. There was a large congregation present.

Wonderland!
Napanee's Favorite Place of Amusement

OUR SCREEN SPEAKS

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY
Startling expose that will rock the nation. It rips the lid off,
"WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND"
The cast is headed by LEE TRACY and CONSTANCE CUMMINGS.
Also a good Comedy and News Reel.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY
WARREN WILLIAMS, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, ALLEN JENKINS and DONALD DELLAWAY present
"THE MIND READER"
Their latest Mystery Drama.
Also a 2-reel Comedy and News Reel.

MONDAY and TUESDAY
MAE WEST, in
"SHE DONE HIM WRONG"
She is supported by CARY GRANT, OWEN MOORE, NOAH BERRY and GILBERT ROLAND.
A Paramount Picture.
Also a good Comedy, Cartoon, and other reels.

TUESDAY NIGHT is "DINNERWARE NIGHT"

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GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS
NAPANEE, ONT.

SEE and HEAR
Rt. Hon. W. L. MACKENZIE KING, M.P.
Mr. MITCHELL F. HEPBURN, M.P.
Belleville, Wed., June 7th
CITY HALL, 2 p.m. ARENA 8 p.m.

LOUD SPEAKERS have been installed in Arena and public will be admitted without charge at 8 p.m.

C.O.L.A. Annual Banquet in Arena at 6.30 p.m. Tickets, $1.00.

LENNOX has been alloted 30 tickets. Secure tickets early from your Chairman.

Information obtainable from G. H. HOLTON, Sec'y. Belleville - Phone 29

LADIES especially invited

ROUND TRIP—BARGAIN FARES
To WINDSOR and DETROIT
$7.25 Saturday, June 10th $7.30

Going (Standard Time)
Lv. Napanee — 2.02 a.m. 1.38 p. m.
Ar. Windsor — 2.30 p.m. 11.50 p. m.
Ar. Detroit — 3.10 p. m. 12.30 a. m. June 10 June 11

Returning
Sat. Sun. Mon., June 10-11-12
ALL TRAINS — (Except No. 6 east of Toronto) last train on which honored at Detroit 11.59 p.m. Monday June 12 ex Windsor 1.00 a.m. June 13.

Usual Half Fare for Children. Tickets good in coaches only. No baggage checked.

Tickets to Detroit sold subject to passenger meeting Immigration requirements of United States if and before entering that country.

Tickets and Information from J. L. Boyes & Son and Depot Ticket Offices, Napanee

CANADIAN NATIONAL
T—30

The Sucessful Failure

By FREDERICK HART

WHEN Margaret Anderson started the "Blue Rose" tea room she had no premonition of failure. The neighborhood where she had rented her two small rooms was quiet but populous; there seemed to her to be a good chance for a place that advertised home cooking and dainty surroundings. She had a little money—enough, she was sure, to keep going. Her cooking she was sure of; her home training had made her waffles famous. There would be no difficulty in training anyone she might obtain as assistant. When she had paid the first month's rent to the agent and taken possession of the little place with her shiny new key she experienced a thrill of pride.

The expenses of the first installation were heavier than she had imagined; her bedroom demanded new furniture, and large payment at that; the furniture she bought at second-hand stores, her good taste standing her in good stead; silver, china, etc.; kitchen utensils—she had a very slender balance left in the bank when she had finished writing the checks. But for the first two weeks of the month people came in and went to the little tea room, as they always do to a new place, and Margaret's unvarying service and the fame of her waffles carried her through the breakers triumphantly.

Among the customers whom she had begun to designate as "regulars" was a young man who appeared for two meals—breakfast and dinner—every day. He was punctual to the minute—eight o'clock sharp for breakfast; 7:15 in the evening for dinner. He was quiet and polite, and never joked with her or with Hilda, the maid, as some of the others did. He spent his breakfast time looking over the morning paper, and his evening meal seemed to be devoted as much to figuring as eating; he would draw diagrams on a slip of paper which he invariably carried in his pocket, eating mechanically the while.

One morning, well on in the third month of Margaret's venture, he appeared as usual for breakfast; the day passed; seven o'clock arrived, and the tables began to fill; 7:15—and Margaret found herself looking at the door, expecting her "star boarder," as she called him in her mind. But he did not appear. Seven-thirty; still no star boarder. At eight she gave him up, supposing that he had gone elsewhere—gave him up with a pang at her heart which surprised her and did not please her.

And he was not there the next morning, nor all that day in fact, and when Margaret's venture, by means of the unexpected departure of her best customer, began to show signs of failure, Margaret found herself looking at the door, expecting her "star boarder," as she called him in her mind. But he did not appear. Seven-thirty; still no star boarder. At eight she gave him up, supposing that he had gone elsewhere—gave him up with a pang at her heart which surprised her and did not please her.

And he was not there the next morning, nor all that day in fact, and when four days elapsed without his reappearance Margaret began to give him up for lost.

His departure seemed to have a bad effect on her fortune, however, for when she balanced her books at the end of the month she found herself facing a deficit. Her success during the earlier days of her venture had been in a large degree the result of the curiosity which leads people to try new places; and even the excellence of her waffles had not been able to hold many of the palate-weary passers-by who had come as an experiment. A new and flashier tea room had opened only a block away, and many of her customers had fled thither. As Margaret sat alone the night of the last of the month she reflected bitterly that when she had written the last check on the morrow, there would be nothing left with which to carry on the business.

The lights in the "Blue Rose" were extinguished, all but one over her desk. Before her was the ledger, once the repository of her hopes, now the record of her failure. Outside the street was silent save for an occasional belated car chugging by.

A knock on the door startled her. Hastily she sat up, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. Who could it be at this late hour? Courageously she went to the door and opened it. "We don't serve after eight—" she was beginning, when she stopped with a little gasp. "Oh—it's you!" she exclaimed.

Into the small circle of light cast by the desk lamp stepped the young man—her only while a star boarder. "Yes," he replied ungrammatically, "it's me." Then he looked at her sharply, and then at the open ledger. "You've been crying!" he accused.

"I—I have not!" she answered indignantly. Who was this youth to accuse her of shedding tears? But her voice trembled in spite of herself. For a moment she braved it out, and then overstrained nature gave way. Down went her head on the desk and her sobs broke forth.

"Oh, there isn't any use!" she exclaimed incoherently. "Everything's gone wrong—the Blue Rose is a failure, and so am I—nothing's been right since you left—" she stopped, horrified at what she had said. But the young man laughed out, and suddenly she found herself in his arms.

"Dear," the young man was saying, "you remember those diagrams I worked on so much? Well, they were plans for a new invention of mine—and it's a big success! I came back to tell you about it—and to tell you that I've been in love with you for two months, but I was afraid that my machine would go; and it has—and I've come back."

"I know that my life would be a success—if you came back!" she said.

Modern Débt to Ancients

It was not until the time of Alexander the Great, that the use of the arch and the use of the dome which developed along with it in the Tigris and Euphrates region seems to have spread to Europe. Then the Greeks picked it up as a novelty, and passed it on to the Romans; and eventually we moderns received it, a gift that had passed through many hands from a people who possessed it, perhaps, before the days of the Great Flood. In fact, we today owe very much more of our civilization and culture to those ancient folk than we generally suspect.—Exchange.

At the Blossom Place

By IRENE DAVIDSON

"TSCHAIKOWWWSKH!"—or however you spell a sneeze!

Lynn dug her hot little face into the damp and doubtful relief of a perfumed pillow. It was apple leaves perfume; she had bought the bottle. "By Blasco, Perfumer," at the five-and-ten the day before, if one had to be miserable, one might as well do it to music—or perfume, as it was in this instance.

Besides—Lynn had just missed the apple blossoms when she left home where about eighteen million apple trees were scattered over the hills. At least it looked that way. In apple blossom time.

"Tschaikowwwskh! Tschaikowww-SKH!!"

If he sneezed one more time she'd throw shoes at the wall . . . she'd knock on it with that end anyhow.

This was the second day he'd been sneezing. Didn't he TAKE anything for his sneezes? How could she have the flu—or whatever this was—in peace, with that racking explosion in the next room every ten minutes?

Tears of sheer nervousness got rubbed into the Apple Leaves pillow. A nice way to land in Washington, anyway! Homesick already, and physically sick, too, on top of that. Just how sick she was afraid to speculate. But it was funny—feeling this way; so sort of jazzed up and nothing to do.

Let's see—she was supposed to start work the 15th; this was the 9th. She had figured, back there at home, on giving herself a week to see Washington. She wanted to see Blossom place —like the picture— Lynn jerked her self up on the pillow. Her mind was certainly wandering if the Blossom place was the first thing that came into her mind in the matter of seeing Washington!

She pulled the light string determinedly, stepped down into the blue-slippers and walked unsteadily to the rocking chair by the window.

Could it be possible she'd fought the flu all winter to fall a victim to it at this most-inopportune moment? Surely, the gods who fixed up their own papers from among those certain thousands in the Department of the Interior and had directed the letter-of-adventure that notified Lynn Wheeler that a job waited her in the Capital city, weren't going to leave her flat, like this? What would they do (in that mysterious department) if she should fail to report for duty on the 15th?

"Tschaikowwwskh!"

Mother of ! ! ! Serene little Lynn felt suddenly wild. Flu is one thing —but sneezing! Lynn's pillow will stop sneezing—for awhile, anyway. Her eyes fell on the white box on her table, and widened. She reached for it with one movement, and with a continuation of the same movement slipped to her door, then to the door next her own, then knocked.

It was a minute before the knock was answered, by a slightly disheveled figure in a brown dressing gown. Lynn held out the white box.

"It will stop the sneezing," she said simply. And then the world went gently dark.

Ten minutes later when she opened her eyes they traveled up a length of brown dressing gown to a pair of tousled, but nice blue eyes.

"I'm all right, now," she heard herself saying. And then her voice kept right on; she couldn't seem to stop it. "I gave myself a week to see Washington, you see, and—I'm afraid I'm going to have the flu. I wanted to see the Blossom place. Over there —by the Potomac. We have apple blossoms at home, you know."

"I don't know what they'll do in the Department of the Interior if I don't show up the 15th . . . I'm all right now, but I have a feeling I'm going—to be sick."

Another voice cut through, gentle, yet a commanding sort of voice. "In the name of the great god Pan—you must come from the apple country, too! Don't worry—I'll get a doctor, and get in touch with your department. Go to sleep, can't you—or something—while I get busy. You're a sick woman, child!"

Two weeks later John Winton maneuvered his car along a beautiful driveway so that the Blossom place fell like a drift of snow out of fairyland directly in front of them.

Lynn gasped, and there was a sudden film of homesick tears in her eyes as they met his. "Honestly, John, I don't know whether I can stand it or not!"

Then they looked in silence a minute. John laughed. "Two dubs from the apple country, kid!"

"And maybe you think I didn't know how you felt that day . . . Lord! It does seem like ages ago! But you weren't as bad as I was, Lynn! I was the greenest thing you ever saw. I'd never been out of the home town in my life; got all my training in correspondence schools. Gosh, but I was homesick for apple trees.

"Somehow—" the blue eyes looked straight into the hazel ones— "Somehow I don't seem to figure on being homesick or lonesome ever again, Lynn . . . Do—you—?"

The girl from the apple country laughed softly. "Don't you remember what I kept saying that afternoon, when I came to? 'I'm all right —now.'"

Discoverer of Pike's Peak Unknown

Pike's Peak was named after Zebulon Pike who was supposed to have discovered that mountain peak in Colorado. But the Stewart commission of Colorado college says Pike did not discover it. The commission claims the mountain was known to white men as early as 1700, and that was long before Pike was born. Investigators of the commission found that Pike learned of the peak while a prisoner of the Spaniards in Santa Fe early in the Nineteenth century.—Pathfinder Magazine.

ODESSA

It is understood that several tenders have been received in connection with proposed building of a new community hall to replace the one which was destroyed by fire some time ago.

This village is minus about forty hens also egg dog, as a result of a raid made by a dog a few mornings ago. People were awakened about four o'clock in the morning by the loud cackling of the hens, and after the destruction had been completed, the owner found his flock had been materially decreased. The old saying is, "A life for a life," hence the departure of the dog.

Clarence O'Neil, who has been assisting his father in the blacksmith shop, has accepted a position as guard in Kingston penitentiary, and assumed his new duties on Monday morning.

Considerable re-painting and re-decorating has been in progress at various homes and places of business during the past few weeks, and among those who have had their homes beautified are H. J. Smith, Centre street; Walter Wood and Mrs. McQueen, Main Street, and D. L. Snider, Ferguson Avenue. The Dominion House also looks spic and span, having been recently re-painted.

During the past week the secretary of the Odessa Women's Institute has completed the annual report, which will be forwarded to the district secretary and later to the department in Toronto. The Institute closed the year with a small cash surplus, and the total receipts were particularly good, especially in these depressing days. A goodly portion of the receipts came from social evenings, donations and grants and of this amount a splendid sum was handed to the Library Board.

On Thursday afternoon the local branch was largely represented at a profitable meeting, which was held at the home of Mrs. Ernest Wright, Violet. Mrs. Wright entertained in honor of Miss Edith Collins, the summer series speaker, who gave a very interesting and helpful address. A splendid program was also given, and all enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Burley, Mrs. Courtland Snider and Miss Lillian Aylsworth will attend the district annual, which is to be held in Napanee in June, as representatives of the local branch.

It is understood that Napanee has secured the release of Charles Cairns, and this popular catcher will perform for the Gibbard Athletics this summer. The residence rule calls for Odessa players to play in Yarker, rather than Napanee, as Yarker is somewhat closer to Odessa. As has been stated, Odessa will not have a team this summer, consequently several of the boys who are desirous of keeping in the game have had to obey the residence rule. Kilgannon and O'Neil, who have done pitching duties for Odessa for some years, together with Roy Powley, will play on the Yarker team. Cairns, who has caught many times for Kilgannon and O'Neil, will oppose his old team mates this summer.

Mrs. Kellar of Enterprise, spent Thursday the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Wilfred Haggerty, and Mr. Haggerty.

J. R. Gibbon, of the Royal Bank staff, spent the holiday at his home in Picton.

Lyman Gordon of Toronto, was in the village for the holiday and visited his mother, Mrs. A. Gordon.

Miss Violet Hartman, of Toronto, is holidaying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hartman.

Mrs. George Young of Gananoque has been spending the past week with her sister, Mrs. Albert Hartman.

Mrs. William Jones spent last week-end with relatives in Toronto.

Miss Francis Asselstine has returned home after spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Shaver and Rev. Mr. Shaver of Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Jones and family of Kingston, spent the holiday with his mother, Mrs. William Jones.

Mrs. W. C. Jenkins spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. J. G. Ettinger and Mr. Ettinger, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Holmes and daughter Alice were in Moscow for the holiday.

Mortimer O'Neil was in Picton for Victoria Day.

EMPEY HILL

(For last week)

Mr. and Mrs. George Stapley visited with Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilson, Halloway, on Wednesday.

The Four Square met on Thursday with a splendid attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Price, Brockville, were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Price last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Husband spent Sunday evening at Mr. Roy McMath's.

Rev. H. W. Foley and Mrs. Foley were the tea guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Ashley on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mowers and family spent Sunday at Mr. Ernest Waddingham's.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Hudson, Jamaica, N.Y., are spending their holidays at Mr. Andrew Pinney's and Mr. O. E. Ashley and other friends at Selby.

Rev. W. S. Smart was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Russell on Sunday.

The Tyendinaga East Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. C. J. Akey on Friday, with a splendid attendance, it being election of officers.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Pinney and Kenneth spent Sunday at Mr. W. F. Winter's, Selby.

Mrs. C. Asselstine returned home from the hospital on Thursday greatly improved in health.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA

May and June are the months in which the large women's organizations hold their annual meetings. Already some of the women's missionary societies those wonderful organizations that not only spread the gospel of Jesus Christ into all lands in obedience to their Master's command, but care for the minds and bodies of those in the outlying parts of Canada, in the North and West, but go to the Arctic region, where in the long cold night of winter the missionaries and their devoted wives teach and preach, to China and Japan warring with each other, to Manchuria the bone of contention, to India, Africa, South America and the Islands of the Seas, they send men and women with healing for soul, mind and body. They do it quietly and if you just "listen in" at a W.A. or a W.M.S. you will hear many things done by the women of Canada of which both men and women should be justly proud. The Dominion Board of the Church of England in Canada, the W.M.S. of the United Church and the W.M.S. of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, have already met. Their Thankofferings may have shown that we have had a "depression," but the zeal of the workers is not lessened. Last week the Dominion meeting of the Imperial Orders of the Daughters of the Empire was held in Edmonston, with an opening service at All Saints Anglican Cathedral. The I.O.D.E. has a splendid record for service, the war memorial by which soldiers and sons and daughters of soldiers have been given bursaries and the opportunity of education in Canada and Europe has, in itself been a great contribution to the country. The I.O.D.E. stands for loyalty to King and Empire and has within it women of all classes and creeds. This week in Calgary the National Council of Women, of which the I.O.D.E. is one of the affiliated societies is in session at its fortieth annual meeting. In this "Womens Parliament" many vital interests are being discussed, one of resolutions sponsored by the sub-executive being the need of educating the women of Canada to use their franchise, a gift given to them by the Government of Canada for the courage of the mothers who sent their sons to serve the empire and the women who worked for the C.E.F. during the Great War.

* * * *

Everywhere throughout the country the Women's Institutes are holding district meetings and plans are being made which will be carried out for the benefit of the people of Canada. The Institutes are strong in numbers, but their objective sometimes lack the wideness of vision which would give them true power. The return of Canada, not rural Canada alone, to prosperity, the widening of the health program, the education program, should be discussed from the point of view of a loyal Canadian, not of necessity a rural Canadian. Let the fact that we all, whether we live in town or country, must work together permeate all our gatherings. We cannot live to ourselves alone and the rural districts need the city markets, the hospitals and the schools and colleges. We can learn from one another and benefit from interchange of thought. We have the honor to be a member of the W.I. and to wear the W.I. badge. The Institutes were formed for the farm women, they have done great things for the rural districts, have made life happier and homes more homelike, but it is only by working together with the women of the towns and cities that the whole standard of life of the nation can be raised.

* * * *

We hear that the Catholic Women's League is meeting in Quebec in June. We give the members our heartiest congratulations and good wishes. The C.W.L. does excellent work. That with which we have most often come in contact is the Social Service work of the organization and it is most efficient. But to be in Quebec in June, when as you stand on the terrace of the Chateau Frontenac looking southward to Levis across the way, and down upon the river just where the first Canadian history was made, to know that you can go down the long steep stairs to little Champlain street, creeping along the side of the great rock, your mind goes back to other days when soldiers and sailors met there in the houses just escaping being washed away at high tide. The spire of the oldest church in Canada, Notre Dame des Victories, can be seen from the terrace. When it was first built in 1688 it was called The Church of the Christ Child, and one can visualise French and Indians bowing in reverence at the Crib, but later when Count de Frontenac defied the English to storm his citadel and Admiral Phipps and his ships sailed away, the little church in the market place was called Notre Dame de Victoire. Forty years later another British fleet was unsuccessful and to mark another victory, the name was changed to Notre Dame des Victories. The high altar is built in a curious fashion to resemble a fort. Some years ago, when we visited it the stations were in bright colors that somehow seemed to suit the day in which the church was built better than the more artistic appearance they have today. The pictures are carved in wood, and one can but feel that, though it was a pity to paint the beautiful work, it was the conception of the artist who carved them. The streets of Quebec are indeed storied streets. Here came Jacques Cartier, Champlain the great explorer, whose monument stands on the terrace, looking not toward the river as we look, but northward and westward to the land he discovered. Down the narrow streets walked the saintly Bishop de Laval, son of a family of the French "Noblesse," who lived and died in poverty for the love of those to whom he brought his blessing. Here is the college he founded, the great hospital of the Ursulines, those noble women who left castles and palaces in France to teach and nurse the red men. Their chapel holds in dust of Montcalm, whose monument is also that of the victorious British general, Wolfe. French and English alike honor these young men who died for their country in 1759 in the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Perhaps the great service will be in the Basilica, burned and rebuilt several times, but filled with memories of the past.

* * * *

We were asked for a recipe for dandelion wine. Here is a good one: 2 quarts of dandelion flowers. Pour over 2 gallons of boiled water that has been let cool, but is still warm. Stir and cover with a flannel cloth. Let stand for a few days, stirring now and then. Strain, boil the water for half an hour. Add the rind of a lemon and an orange, a little ginger. Slice a lemon and add 1½ pounds of loaf sugar. When cool strain and put into a jar with a vent. Spread ¼ of a yeast cake on bread and put on top of the jar, which may be covered with a piece of cloth. Let stand for two months before bottling.

SOFTBALL SCORES

On Monday evening three games of softball were played. At the Collegiate grounds, Frontenac Regiment had a substantial win over Grace Church, but the game was called on account of the darkness. This game will have to be played again. Selrites won easily over Richmond at Richmond by the score of 15-4. At the Newburgh, Strathcona game at Strathcona, Newburgh won 18-9.

STOPS a Headache

There seems to be no safer way to end a headache—and there certainly is no *safer* way—than to take two tablets of Aspirin.

You've heard doctors say that Aspirin is *safe*. If you've tried it, you know it's *effective*. You could take these tablets every day in the year without any ill effects. And every time you take them, you get the desired relief.

Stick to Aspirin. It's safe. It gets results. Quick relief from headaches, colds, or other discomfort.

ASPIRIN

Trade-mark Reg.

PERSONALS

Miss Abbie Judson, Reg.N., Toronto, is visting friends in the district.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. VanAlstyne were the recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe O'Neil, Yarker.

Miss Hilda Loucks, nurse-in-training at the Kingston General Hospital, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Loucks, South Napanee.

A. E. Holmes, J. W. Thompson, E. J. Walters and H. C. Empey, members of Mount Sinai Chapter, R.A.M., motored to Madoc on Monday night of last week and were present for the official visit of Dr. Dure, of Brighton, Grand Superintendent for Prince Edward District.

Mr. Oscar Thompson, who has been confined to his home for some time following an injury to his leg, has improved to such an extent that he is able to be out for a short time each day.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stafford, Belleville Road, have returned home from Belleville, where they spent a few days the guests of the latters relatives. Mr. Stafford, who has been in poor health for the past few weeks, is improving.

The many friends of Ensign Petrie of the Salvation Army, will be pleased to learn that he has been promoted to the position of Adjutant. Since coming to Napanee a few months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Petrie have made a host of friends and his appointment is deservedly popular.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Boyce of Syracuse, N.Y., and Mrs. C. Dawson, of Watertown, N.Y., spent the week-end with their mother Mrs. N. VanAlstyne, Mill Street, who returned with them for a two nights' visit in U.S.A.

Mrs. Anna Kingsbury, Elizabeth and Virginia, of Rochester, N.Y., were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Moore, and also visited relatives in Deseronto.

Mrs. Sherman Albertson, Niagara Falls, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rhyndress.

Mrs. Victor Zender, who has been quite ill for the past few weeks, has improved to such an extent that she was able to go for a short walk on Monday.

Mr. Clinton Kellar, of the Abramsky staff, Kingston spent the week-end in town with friends.

Jack Adams, manager of the Detroit Red Wings in the National Hockey League, and Mrs. Adams returned to town on Sunday, where they will spend the most of the summer.

Rev. A. J. Wilson, Rev. Harry Pawson and Rev. W. P. Woodger left today for Bowmanville, where they will attend the sessions of the Bay of Quinte Conference. Very few changes are noted in the Napanee district, although there may be others before the conference closes.

Miss Jean Russell, Miss Myrtle Russell, Miss Alice Craig, Miss Olive McMillan, Mrs. T. P. Cooke, Mrs. B. M. Black and guest Miss Eleanor McLean attended the Group Tea which was held at the home of Mrs. Howard VanDusen, Deseronto, on Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wales of Detroit, accompanied by Mrs. Geo. Richardson, arrived in Napanee during the week-end. Mrs. Richardson has been their guest for the past seven weeks. On their return home they were accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Gideon Garrison, who will spend a month with them.

DEATHS

YOUNG—At Bath, on Sunday, May 28th, 1933, Fletcher Young, aged 54 years.

LOYST—At South Fredericksburgh, on Saturday, May 27th, 1933, Jacob B. Loyst, aged 84 years, 3 months.

HOWARD—At Emerald, Amherst Island, on Monday, May 29th, 1933, Frederick Howard, aged 63 years, 2 months.

DUMBRELLE—At Kingston General Hospital, on Thursday, May 25th, 1933, Minnie Dumbrelle, wife of Rev. E. J. Dumbrelle, Napanee, aged 58 years.

REVISED SCHEDULE DISTRICT SOFTBALL

FIRST HALF

Friday, June 2nd—
Gretna at Grace Church.
Frontenacs at Newburgh.
Selrites at Strathcona.

Monday, June 5th—
Frontenacs at Selrites.
Grace Church at Newburgh.
Strathcona at Richmond.

Friday, June 9th—
Gretna at Newburgh.
Strathcona at Selrites.
Frontenacs at Richmond.

Monday, June 12th—
Grace Church at Selrites.
Gretna at Richmond.
Frontenacs at Strathcona.

Wednesday, June 14th—
Gretna at Frontenacs.

Friday, June 16th—
Newburgh at Selrites.
Grace Church at Richmond.
Strathcona at Gretna.

The second half of the schedule will appear at a later date.

SENT UP FOR TRIAL

As an aftermath of the inquest into the death of the late Wm. Baker, Walter Hagerman and Walter Smith were arrested on Wednesday, on a charge of committing perjury in giving evidence at the inquest. The prisoners appeared before Magistrate Graham on Thursday afternoon and were remanded to gaol until Tuesday afternoon.

On his appearance before the Magistrate on Tuesday, Walter Smith, on hearing the charge, read, elected to be tried before a Judge and Jury.

The evidence given by Smith at the inquest was placed in evidence and witnesses who were present on the night in question gave evidence as to what took place in Hill's apartment on the night Baker was injured, after which Smith was committed for trial to a higher court.

Walter Hagerman on appearing, also elected to be tried by a Judge and Jury. In his case the evidence given by him at the inquest was put in as evidence. The charge against Hagerman arose from his evidence given in reference to a visit paid by him to Hills apartment the night following the injury to Baker, when Hagerman asked Hill not to mention that he had met Baker the previous night.

The Hill family gave evidence confirming the statement of Hill that Hagerman had asked him to conceal the fact of his being present at Hill's the previous evening. Hagerman was committed by the Magistrate to stand trial at a higher court.

W .A Grange appeared for Smith, and W. F. Nickle, K.C., for Hagerman.

HEALTH by Sir Arthur Stanley

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

MUSCULAR ACTIVITY

Life begins in one minute cells. This cell grows and multiplies until we have the millions of cells which make up each human body. In the process of growth and development these cells become differentiated one from the other, depending upon what functions they assume.

In the body we have nerve cells, muscle cells, connective tissue cells—to name but a few. These cells make up the various tissues and organs of the body. They all have a common origin in the egg and throughout life they remain interdependent. The only way to have health is to have a body which is strong and well in all its parts. Disease or abnormal states in any one part effects the whole body.

"Healthy," "strong" and "energetic" are adjectives which we use to describe the person who has the ability and strength to do things. Such a person has started life with good tissue cells and has, by proper living, developed strength and energy—he has health.

There are certain organs of the body, such as the heart, which are known as vital organs. Life cannot continue if they cease to function. In that sense only, they are more important than other parts, and they are, in fact, dependent upon other non-vital organs.

It is necessary for the human being to be able to move around in order to secure food, and when food has been obtained, it must be carried into the mouth. The vital organs are thus dependent upon the large muscles which make movement possible to supply them with food, without which they, together with the whole body, would perish.

There is another definite relationship between the vital organs and the large muscles. Run or walk quickly, and you will find the rate of the heart has increased and that breathing is quickened. In other words, there is a close link-up between muscular activity and organic activity.

This is a most important point to remember. It means that throughout life we must maintain a proper level of muscular activity if we are to keep the vital organs functioning at their best. Children need play. They need to use their large muscles. Youth requires physical activity. The adult needs such physical activities as are suited to his age. The human body goes to pieces when it is not used. Disuse means atrophy. Proper use is the only way to keep the body functioning at its best for the greatest number of years.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Come to Life at Last

A Japanese lotus, recently flowering at Kew gardens, London, was grown from seeds which had lain in the ground at least 120 years, because they were buried too deep in the ground and in unsuitable soil, they did not germinate.—Family Herald.

Yellow

Yellow has always been the sun color, and since it is the sun which stimulates all things into activity, it stands also for human activities. It has always been so and even today it, by its appearance warns the traveler by road or rail, that if he is to take advantage of life and green growth, he must so once be up and going or doing.

AWAKENED WOMAN

By ELINORE BARRY

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Fifth Installment

SYNOPSIS

One bleak November day Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, was in a skidding taxicab in Chicago. Next thing she knew she was two years later when she woke one morning to find herself in a luxurious home in California, with a wedding ring on her hand, and, almost by every mail, a telegram for her as Frills, telling her to be careful after her fall from her horse of the day before. Her husband was Neil Packard, rich fruit packer, confused and troubled, she tried to find out more about herself and from letters in her desk found that she had been a heartless, frivolous young woman; and had become involved in a scandal with a man named Maitland. Later, when he came to see her, he was hurt and wretched when she tried to explain him, but he finally left her.

"I don't care who comes, I'm going out!" she decided recklessly. "On a glorious day like this it would be a crime to stick indoors. If this isn't a pleasant change from Philadelphia in November! It's all so marvelous!"

She went down to the dining room buoyantly, careless of whether or not it had been Frills' caution to appear so early.

After serving breakfast, Roxie lingered. "Will you be home for dinner, Mrs. Packard?" she asked. "Marcia would like to know if there'll be guests, and how many to expect, and what you'd like to order."

"Yes, I'll be here for dinner, but I'll be alone. And tell Marcia to have anything at all, it doesn't matter what, just so I don't have to decide myself."

She went out immediately into the garden and made her way around the dining-room wing of the house in the direction of the garage, sniffing delightedly at the exotic fragrance of the orange blossoms.

She was amused to notice a head dodge back behind the yellow checked curtains as she passed the kitchen. "I just know they're wondering what can have happened to Frills!" she thought, smiling. "Well, they'll have to keep on wondering. I hope at least that they won't find the change too unpleasant. Now, let's see. Oh, there's somebody I wonder if that's the 'Sam' Neil mentioned?"

"He looks young and somehow not like an ordinary servant," she thought as she approached. "I wish he'd look up. Shall I say 'good-morning' to attract his attention? I don't dare call him Sam till I'm sure he is Sam."

Her impression that he was not an ordinary servant was confirmed when the young man suddenly turned around, and seeing her, broke off in his whistling and called out, "Good-morning, Mrs. Packard! Gee, I'm glad to see you out. How are you? Feel all right?"

His attitude, though deferential enough, had nothing servile in it. He spoke in an easy manner, as if questions of varying social levels and never disturbed him.

"Oh, yes, I'm all right," replied Joyce, feeling relieved that this was going to be easier than she had expected. "I did get kind of a bad crack on the head, though it's better today. . . . It's fine down in the stable?" (She had one thing to thank Maitland for—he had told her the name of the chauffeur.)

There was just the hint of a grin on the young man's face as he answered, "Mr. Packard gave orders that I was left for me to take her over to MacBready's ranch yesterday."

"Oh," Joyce frowned, sure that Sam probably thought, in anger at this news, but in baffled annoyance at having to stop and consider every remark before she dared make it.

"Mr. Packard had me bring Rosita over from MacBready's for you in case you want to ride. She's one fine little mare, lively as a kitten, without the mean streak of Fire Queen. Want me to saddle her up?"

Furnished with a plausible excuse for not riding, this would have been an excellent chance for Joyce to have remarked angrily, "no, if I can't have Fire Queen, I won't ride at all!" Instead she answered, "I'm not going to ride today, but I'd like to see her."

"Sure. I'll bring her out," and Sam disappeared into the stable where she heard him speaking in low clucking tones with a soothing note in his voice. Sam was a nice young man, but she fancied he had looked a little disappointed at the quiet way she received the news of losing Fire Queen.

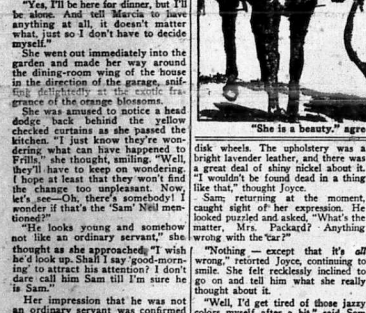
Sam came out leading a daintily stepping chestnut mare, with a white star on her mild forehead. She murmured against Sam's shoulder with her soft nose while he explained to Joyce, "Rosita's always been a pet at MacBready's and she's used to being made much over. Want a lump?" He stroked her fondly, pushing her off when she playfully nipped his sleeve. "Here, get out, girl, pick on some one your own size. Isn't she a beauty? Look at her lines, she hasn't got a fault anywhere."

"She is a beauty," agreed Joyce, with enthusiasm, coming closer and patting the horse's neck timidly. "She looks as gentle as can be," went on Joyce, wondering whether Frills wouldn't have been disgusted with this very mildness.

"Sure she does," replied Sam, "but say, get on her, and she's got all the life you want and don't you forget it. Say, that mare's got one of the fastest trots of any horse around here, and the smoothest canter you ever saw."

Joyce stepped back a little. In spite of Rosita's good character, she seemed disconcertingly big, and Joyce had a foolish fear of being stepped on suddenly. She fingered while Sam led Rosita inside again.

There was a varnished wooden station wagon standing on the gravel drive while inside the garage she could see a long low car, very sporty-looking, with brilliant canary-yellow body and



"She is a beauty," agreed Joyce with enthusiasm

disk wheels. The upholstery was a bright lavender leather, and there was a great deal of shiny nickel about it. "I wouldn't be found dead in a thing like that," thought Joyce.

Sam returned at the moment, caught sight of her expression. He looked puzzled and asked, "What's the matter, Mrs. Packard? Anything wrong with the car?"

"Nothing — except that it's *all* wrong," retorted Joyce, continuing to smile. She felt recklessly inclined to go on and tell him what she really thought about it.

"Well, I'd get tired of those jazzy colors myself after a bit," said Sam frankly, "but it's a darn good car. Shall I back her out for you?"

"No, thanks, I'm not going out today." She still lingered, however, as if she were not quite sure of her decision.

Suddenly she remembered something she had wanted, and forgetting everything else, she asked eagerly, "Do you know where I could get a dog?"

This time the astonishment on Sam's tanned face was so unmistakable that Joyce realized that she had at last really surprised him.

"Why, gee, Mrs. Packard, I thought you didn't like dogs!" he exclaimed.

"Well, I've changed my mind," returned Joyce, embarrassment making her feel so shortly that Sam seemed to take her answer as a rebuke.

"Well, I don't know exactly what to do, ma'am," said Joyce uncomfortably, wishing she had given the matter more thought before getting into it this way.

"Why don't you go to Allen Kennels and pick out something you like?" suggested Sam after a moment.

"Oh, I don't want to be bothered," she replied, hoping this would sound enough like the capricious Frills to pass. "Can't you get me one somewhere around here, so I can have it today?"

"Well, I know a dog I think I could get you," exclaimed Sam suddenly, "it's the cutest little white and black Boston bull you ever saw, about two years old and smart as a whip. Belongs to people named March. They're going to China and don't want to take the pup. Like to have me see if I can get him for you?"

"Oh, yes, do," said Joyce. "Do you want me . . . had you better have some money? I can write you a check."

"I don't think they'll take any money. They'll be glad to find a good home for the dog."

"Get him as soon as you can, will you?" asked Joyce, smiling at Sam gratefully. "I'm crazy to see him. I'm not that I've decided to have a dog, I want it right away."

Sam left, to go right away, Mrs. Packard. I was just going to drive down to get the day's orders."

Joyce wished she might ride with him while he did his errands but realizing the inadvisability of such an outing she turned away reluctantly and went back to the house where she found that the morning mail had arrived. She sorted out the ones addressed to "Mrs. Neil Packard" and carried them down to the far end of the garden to a secluded corner hidden from the house.

The first one was a short note, carelessly scrawled in a handwriting she seemed to have seen before. "Sorry you didn't feel like seeing any of the gang honey, I can't stand this any longer. Thank God, Neil is away for some time. I can't get over your look this morning, Frills. Call me up tomorrow, dearie, and—"

"That's the same 'C' who wrote about the house party," thought Joyce, "and it must be the Mrs. Emery who telephoned yesterday."

The next letter on heavy masculine stationery began: "Star Baby!" Joyce grinned to herself at this poetic opening. "How lovely!" she murmured sarcastically, and read on with interest.

"I'm sitting in my room at the window that faces where you are, and think of you so hard that I can't settle to anything else. I'm bitterly disappointed that I can't be with you now this minute. I had been living for it all

She said nothing more to her husband about Carla Haldan.

CHAPTER VI

The crowning point of anticipation in Paul's six years of married life was his journey to meet Claire. From the Mistassini to Roberval, from Roberval to Metebechewan, and from there down to Chicoutimi, where he took the cross-wilderness train to Quebec, he built steadily to the visions which the increasing interest and comradeship in his wife's letters had helped him to create during the long winter. That she was not following her usual precedent of going to New York, but was coming to him, gave him an emotional thrill which it had not previously been his happiness to experience in his relationship with her. He believed that for Claire to divert herself in this way from home, her own people, and a host of friends after an absence of nearly a year, that she might come to him in a wilderness which she frankly detested, was almost dramatically significant of a change in her attitude toward him. It was the mystery of this change which withheld from his feeling the one thing which might have made it a real passion of expectancy and joy. In none of her letters, which had drawn her nearer to him than she had ever been, had she spoken of love. Even in response to the warmest of his communications to her she had given him no definite satisfaction, except to write him in a way which, without openly avowing herself, drew her closer to him, and gave to his ideals of her a glowing, fleshly reality which excited and possessed him as he went to meet her.

He could not keep Carla out of his mind. She came to him vividly when he stood in the shadow of the ancient chapel of the Ursulines, at Quebec, where he had seen through the chancel grating the lovely nun whose face and eyes had looked so much like Carla's. In Lower Town he went into the little old church of Notre Dame des Victoires, and he felt as if she were standing at his side. She seemed to be a part of the composure and beauty and age-old enchantment of these quaint and hallowed spots which he loved, as if in some past day her soul had helped to mold and fit their dimness. Here, like himself, Carla could dream, and see ghosts and mystic fabrics of forgotten things where others saw only slow dissolution and ruin of brick and mortar and wood. In her eyes were the deep and slumbering lights which linked the memories of the past with the mysteries of the future—in Claire's the vibrant life of a glorious present. Together, he thought, these two women held the world in their breasts, from its beginning to its end.

(To be Continued)

Pluto, Ninth Major Planet, Billions of Miles Away

Pluto is the ninth major planet of the solar system, of the fourteenth and fifteenth magnitude. The existence of this body had been predicted in 1919 by the late Prof. Percival Lowell, Boston astronomer, whose work is based on the erratic behavior of Neptune, which was then the farthest known planet; the discovery was made in 1930, by Clyde W. Tombaugh, assistant at the Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz. The event created a sensation, and it was reported that years of study would be needed to determine the facts. Skeptics in scientific circles suggested that the body was a comet, or that its discovery near the predicted position should be regarded as accidental. It is stated that the orbit of Pluto is from 2,800,000,000 to 4,600,000,000 miles from the earth, from the orbit of which it is inclined 17 degrees. Calculated to be smaller than the earth, Pluto is invisible to most telescopes because it is not self-luminous and, being perhaps the most distant object in the solar system, receives very little light from the sun.

Green and Black Tea

The most common tea in use is China tea, which is made from the leaves of Thea Sinensis. This plant is closely related to the camellia. Both green and black tea may be manufactured from the same plant since the difference is due to the process of preparing the leaves. Green tea is the result of drying the leaves immediately upon their removal from the plant, while the leaves of black tea are fermented for a short time before they are dried.

Apes Linked to Human Race

"Everyone of the four anthropoid apes is linked in the mind of the scientist to some branch of the human race," explains an expert. "The orang-utang is the Oriental, the gorilla the negroid type; the gibbon reminds us of the round-headed Alpine races of Europe, while the chimpanzee—most intelligent and companionable of the four—is definitely an animal symbol of the whole Aryan family." The chimpanzee is always eager to imitate humans.

Built First Locomotive

Peter Cooper was a manufacturer and builder of the Nineteenth century. He designed and built the first locomotive engine ever constructed in America. After he built the engine he established a rolling-mill and made railroad iron. Later he founded Cooper Union, the famous free institute of Science and Art in New York city. He is better known, however, as a great philanthropist.—Pathfinder.

"Porterhouse" Steak

It is said that "porterhouse" steak took its name from a small hotel in Sandusky, Ohio, called the Porter House. In 1847, Charles Dickens visited that hotel and partook of its steaks. He is said to have spread its fame through the United States, referring to it as the steak served in the Porter House. Leading hotels and cafes were quick to adopt the name for their best steaks.

Sally Deposited the Rubbish

By LEETE STONE

SALLY GREEN had a distinct feeling of mental ease, of self-respect, of independence. She was a neat symbol of the modern business woman well up in her quest for success.

Ringing the elevator bell, she patted her handbag possessively, and hugged it closer under her arm. It contained two important envelopes. One, her week's salary, substantially raised recently; the other, a firm, unqualified refusal of Alfred Brown's proposal of marriage.

Marriage? Flatly, no. Her sister's home life was ever before her; a drab existence with a dull wood or a domineering husband. Threading a tortuous way toward the "L," Sally's sense of satisfaction grew, and the picture of her cozy rooms in Wellington court rose warmly to her mind. Soon a swift elevator would lift her to the sky floor; she would suffuse the tasteful apartment with soft, yellow light, fuse a percolator little, dine in the excellent restaurant downstairs, return and read luxuriously until twelve.

The mere thought was an allure beside which marriage grew pale and dull. An egotistical, smoke smelling pipe, a bullheaded sneer, held no attraction for her as a permanent acquisition to her seemly menage. Babies? Oh, well! They had so many disagreeable habits beside squalling.

Sally opened her bag, frowning as she saw the letter rejecting Alfred Brown's proffer of devotion—still unposted. She had meant to drop it in the office chute. Well, there were two street boxes on her way from the station to Wellington court.

Seated in the train, she opened her evening paper with a crisp flourish. It was after rush hour and the car was but half occupied. A man and a girl entered and sat opposite Sally's corner. Looking up to turn a page she glimpsed the way these two smiled at each other in silence.

The man opposite fished a pencil from his pocket, tore off a corner and figured. He spoke plainly. Sally easily heard:

"Let's see how we stand, Mary. What have we spent? The table was $35. Don't you think we were wise not to get the two armchairs? The four small ones will do." His left hand stole over to pat the girl's slim hands, lying in her lap.

Sally Green endeavored to concentrate on the theatrical page before her; but each word of the couple opposite tapped insistently on her hard-won shell of independence and aloofness to matters marital.

Again interested, happy tones from over the way assailed and leaped Sally's mental barrier. The girl spoke.

"I think that chair you wish for me is rather too expensive, Fred. The one at the Bon Ton is nice as well, and it's four dollars cheaper."

"Listen to me, little girl," countered the man, "I want you to have a darling chair for your desk; one that will be comfortable and permanent. Twenty dollars is too much. You let me attend to prices, my dear, while you stand by with the artistic advice on form and line—eh Mary?" And the girl put that Sally sensed rather than saw.

She could not put the two out of mind. Two children "playing house" who did not forsee the stern ordeal that stretched down the years. Ah. Will, Sally Green, preferred the world of bigger things, of curt, serious business, of striving shoulder to shoulder with ruthless, keen-eyed men of finance.

Sally felt the suggestion of a shiver pervading her. The car was overheated. She could not explain this sensation of chill unless it came from somewhere deep inside her.

The man and girl across the way touched shoulders; he covered both her hands with one of his, looked deep in her eyes, smiled, and said: "Mary, old girl, I've got a surprise for you when we get home." He was not the words; it was the tender, caressing quality of his voice that dug into Sally's soul. But she administered another mental shaking, more severe than the previous ones, rose as the train stood still at her station, and made her exit without a glance at the devoted pair.

Nevertheless, it would be rather fun to catch just a glimpse of the little nest of Fred and Mary; Mary at her desk and Fred sprawled out in a big leather armchair; but no! Merely glamor!

Abreast the first post box on her way home Sally reached up to mail her refusal to Alfred Brown. Check full—the box; not space to squeeze another missive in its bulging mouth.

So she held the letter, ready to post it at home corner. A subconscious urge made her stop and look at a well lighted window in passing. Sally saw a woman lifting a fluffy baby from its crib and hand it to a tall man.

Again she witnessed that tweed-clad arm and its loving curve; again this flash of a woman, a baby, and a man holding it so gently.

What was this queer shiver that surged suddenly from her feet to her finger tips? There! The post box just ahead! Sally reached for the metal flap . . . the hand with the letter slipped to her side . . . a deft fingers took the letter from the squeezed and Sally dropped them into a green curb can titled:

"Deposit Rubbish in This Can."

In the Teme Valley of Wales

Knighton is a charming little town on the Teme in the Welsh borderland of Shropshire. The surrounding hills have the dignity of mountains and provide many fine views. For the lover of antiquity, the naturalist and the angler, the district has many attractions. The great Caractacus waged many battles here and his earthworks can still be seen. There is also a ruin of a fortress at Hopton Castle dating from the century of Edward the First.

Fish Sleep More Shrewdly Than Most People Suppose

The sleeping habits of fishes have been studied by an Australian fancier, and he concludes that a fish sleeps more shrewdly than we do.

"We go to bed," the expert declared, "close our eyes and snore. Once asleep we are beset by dangers—fire, burglars, murderers. A fish sleeps with his eyes open! He is born without eyelids, except in rare instances."

Apparently the eyes of a fish function even when the fish is asleep, for it has been observed that it is practically impossible to "catch a fish napping." If a person tries ever so carefully to poke one with a stick, he says, the fish is immediately galvanized into action, the eyes having sent the alarm to the sleeping body.

Unless rudely interrupted in his slumbers, however, the fish appears dead to the world, so still is the body when it is resting. The breathing decreases until the body shows practically no motion and this frequently leads persons observing sleeping fishes in aquariums to believe that they are dead.

Fishes sleep much more in the winter time than in the summer, often "hibernating" without food for days at a time. During these periods they draw on their body fats for sustenance.

Arizona Meteor Theories Fail to Solve Mystery

Scientists have advanced two additional theories regarding the meteor which is believed to have struck the earth causing the great meteor crater in Arizona. One of the theories advanced is that the so-called Arizona meteor was actually a real comet which collided with the earth.

The other theory is that this comet struck the earth at an estimated speed of 40 miles a second during the Thirteenth century and annihilated all the aboriginal cliff dwellers when it hit.

Science generally recognizes Meteor Crater as one of the three known places in the world where a great meteor struck the ground. But so far no scientist or scientific group has been able to locate the meteor in the ground. Of the other two known meteors, one is in Siberia and the other in the Sahara in North Africa. The one that fell in Siberia is known to have knocked down by the force of its wind, all the trees in forests for many miles around.

Scientists believe meteors to be fragments of suns or other worlds.—Pathfinder.

Scrambled Aphorisms

At a lecture before the Rotary club of Colombo, Rotarian Curry, of the Barking club, mentioned that most of the native pupils in his class had sound working knowledge of English, but they are unable to comprehend the finer points of English idiom. A native, excusing himself for not attending to his work because his mother had died, wrote: "The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket." Another, in the course of an argument, said: "You have buttered your bread on both sides and now must lie on it." Another pleaded that he was "so poor that he could not keep the cat out of the bag."—Ceylon Daily News.

Yucca Wood

In the Southwest, especially in southern California, the yucca attains real tree dimensions, although the various species of yucca are not considered as trees. According to "Lumber and Its Uses," nearly 200,000 feet of lumber annually is manufactured from yucca. The wood is very light in weight, fibrous, tough, and when wet, pliable and easily molded into desired forms. It is used largely for woodenware and cane handles. A considerable quantity is used in millwork in California, and in that state it is used more than any other material in making artificial limbs, jackets, surgeons splints and corsets.

Says Mars Is Drying Up Same Way Our Moon Did

If any plant or creature lives on Mars, it must be quite different from the things on earth, observes a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The nights are very cold, as low in temperature as 11 degrees below zero—and breathing is difficult because the air is rare. And there is a scarcity of water, which we would find quite unbearable.

More than that, we'd probably feel very giddy. There is no strong pull of gravity on Mars. The ball on earth, which holds us firmly and steadily down on the ground. A hop and a skip on Mars, and one would be soaring up in the air, and sailing smoothly down again.

By the help of telescopes, which project our sight thousands of miles past the limits of our eyes, scientists have seen a network of what seem to be canals on Mars. And some men have believed that this may be proof that people have built them. Others say the canals are really marshes which are flooded with water when the ice at the polar regions of Mars melts, and which dry up when it freezes again.

This, they say, makes the network look different at different seasons.

Mars is not so near the sun as the earth is, and it is a small planet. Sometimes as the planets swing around the sun, it comes fairly near the earth—within 35,000,000 miles, but usually it is more than 60,000,000 miles away from us.

Gradually Mars is drying up, in much the same way as our moon did; and in a few million years it will probably be too dry and too cold for anything possibly to live on its surface.

Shows Genius Occurs in Two or More Generations

A study of books dealing with the subjects of genius and heredity such as Ribot's "Heredity" will show numerous cases of genius occurring in two or more generations. Doctor Saleeby in his "Parenthood and Race Culture" says: "It is impossible to question that the hereditary transmission of genius or great talent does occur" and he quotes the Bach family, the Arnolds, the Mills and others as examples. Dr. Paul Kammerer in his "The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics" states: "Genius can be acquired, but hardly by one individual and within the course of one generation. And genius is hereditary, though probably not without the contributory co-operation of the environment. It is necessary that favorable conditions of heritage and environment meet in order to make possible the great achievements in which genius manifests itself to our eyes. The necessity of such a combination explains the rarity of recognized genius, and also the fact that many more unrecognized geniuses than we dream of tread the soil of our planet." Doctor Kammerer mentions five of the important obstacles to the inheritance of genius and adds that with the obstacles removed, the law of inheritance will once more assert itself.

Payment of Interest

The Encyclopedia of Social Sciences says: "In the Middle ages the prohibition (upon interest) was premised on religious and ethical principles. A loan was usually made under stress of special need for consumption purposes, and it was considered that to exact interest under such circumstances was to take advantage of a brother's need. Indeed it was admittedly a compromise with strict Christian tenets to require repayment of the principal. The doctrinal basis of the opposition to interest was found in the concept of objective value, any departure from which was looked upon as usury. It was argued that no value could attach to the use of a consumptible good separate from a good itself, and money was regarded as consumptible because it could be used only by parting with it. Another argument was directed against the payment for time, over which no man could claim ownership."

Country Set to Music

The country that Mozart set to music is all that region of Austria which includes Salzburg, through the Salzkammergut and about Bad Ischl. Approaching from Hof Gastein, the Hoche Tauern mountains hurl themselves dramatically against the sky, and if it were not for some four or five palatial hotels jutting out beside the ravine, you would say that it was a wild and lovely mountain village, where one of the most famous cavalcades of the Middle Ages, riding River Ache, throws itself with violence into the valley nearly 500 feet below. The beautiful lakes of the Salzkammergut and such villages as Trauernkirchen make the region unique in beauty.

"Cheater"

Under English feudal law all land reverted to the crown if in default of heritable heirs—in other words, it escheated (from the Latin excadere—to fall away). And the officers who had charge of the interests of the crown in matters of land that should escheat to the king were called "escheaters." There is food for the honesty of those men whose name came to be synonymous with "thief."

Curvature of the Earth

The curvature of the earth is about eight inches per mile and varies as the square of the distance. For two miles the curvature is four times eight inches; for half a mile it is one-fourth of eight inches, and so on. The curvature of the earth, making allowances for refraction, is about 229.5 feet for 20 miles. A ship 200 feet high is completely out of sight at a distance of 20 miles, assuming the eye to be near the level of the sea.

Palm With Monster Leaves

The Ipuati, a palm found in tide-flooded lands of the lower Amazon and Para rivers in South America, probably has the largest leaves found in the vegetable kingdom. Although the trunk of this palm rarely reaches a height of more than six or eight feet, its feathery leaves have been known to measure 50 feet long and the leaf-stalk is frequently 12 or 15 feet long below the first segments of the leaf.

The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

Paul saw Carla the next day, a cold stormy day, shoveling on the ground. For the first time in many weeks they were so long walk together, and at the beginning of it she settled any suggestions he might have had in his mind. It was as if she saw written in his face what Lucy-Belle had said to him. She mentioned Mrs. Derwent's visit and told him what she had said about her work, smiling the other's fears away as absurd and without reason, and adding with a very decisive little note in her voice that to give up this work or go away, as Lucy-Belle had suggested, was the last thing she would think of doing.

She had heard again from his wife. It was her third letter, and came from Capri, where she was spending the winter, painting. Claire had sent her a little sketch of the vineyards and the picturesque houses on their rock cliffs. These letters, Carla said, would always remain brightly in her memories, they were so friendly and cheering. She had answered them, and had tried to tell Claire a little about her own work, and of the glory and beauty of the great forests and mighty rivers near them. But she lacked the creative soul which his wife possessed, and could not adequately describe them.

Paul knew that something of Carla's real soul was gone even as she talked to him.

His own dragged heavily through the winter. Spring came, and his days at the pit were almost over. August would see his work finished. He did not know what he would do then, he told Carla. Things were happening in South America. He might go there. Carla's future was settled for another year. The government had offered her a contract to remain with the children on the Mistassini, and she had accepted. She hoped that within a year or two she might be able to find a place in Peribonka near her mother.

Late in May Paul's wife sailed from Cherbourg and, to his surprise, was coming straight to Quebec to join him.

"That is wonderful of her," said Carla, her eyes shining with the light which was always in them when she was thinking or speaking of Claire. "She is coming directly to you?"

"The day he left for Quebec he saw her for a few moments to say good-by.

"I wish I were a man—and you," she said.

A radiance was in her face when he left her.

That evening, at dinner, Lucy-Belle said to her husband: "Carla's school was closed this afternoon. Beryl told me she dismissed the children because she had a headache. We must go over and see her."

"I have been there," replied Derwent. "I was a bit worried when one of the boys told me what had happened, so I went over to see if she needed me, and found her—crying."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy-Belle. "Now I think I understand!"

Continued Next Week

Aromatic

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Napanee

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In presenting the news and other items of interest each week The Express is guided by this thought. Items of interest regarding any phase of farm work or life are published, together with the news of the entire rural districts. Township Council meetings are given particular attention, as also are Farmer Clubs, Institutes, Church Societies, etc.

Besides the buying opportunities listed by the stores, The Express's classified advertising section is of special interest to Farmers. There is continually something offered for sale that is of use to you; and when you have anything to sell these classified ads. take your message to 2,500 buyers in your own district for the small sum of 35c.

You are also kept continually in touch with what is occurring in the Town of Napanee, socially, industrially and in municipal government by the complete survey of the town's activities which The Express presents each week. And, by the constant changes taking place, which is news, you are kept informed of the condition of your most important market.

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NAME.....

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Christian Observance of the Sabbath and Sunday

The difference between the Sabbath and Sunday, and the change from religious observance from the seventh to the first day of the week is that the Sabbath, the ancient Hebrew's weekly day of rest, was the seventh day of the Hebrew week, and lasted from sunset on Friday to sunset on Saturday. That day is still observed by the Jews. A consideration of early church history suggests that the day of Christ's resurrection, the first day of the week, grew up, coeqal with the existence of Christianity itself, as a distinctively Christian festival. It was made to fall in with the injunction for periodical rest, founded on the earliest traditions of Biblical religion and provided for under Moses by special legislation for the observance of the Sabbath. Nevertheless, the idea of the Lord's day is regarded as distinct from that of the Sabbath, which seems to have been likewise observed by the early church, although sometimes as a fast. The Saturday half-holiday, which survives in some countries or at some seasons, is derived from this double observance. The tendency to sabbatize the Lord's day was due, perhaps, to certain imperial decrees of the Christian emperors. The day was called "the day of the sun, or "venerable Sunday." Civil legislation on behalf of the observance of Sunday began in the Roman empire in an early part of the Fourth century, resulting from a statute of Constantine (321). The American colonists enforced the observance of the first day of the week by rigorous penalties. It has been only as time advanced that a distinction has been made between the observance of Sunday as a civil and as a religious institution.—Indianapolis News.

Custom Welcomes Spring

In Thuringia, Germany, a custom prior to the Christian era is still followed, its observance being seen best at Eisenach on the fourth Sunday in Lent. The procession forms at the old church of St. Nicholas, headed by a mounted herald followed by a band and three men in mantles of pleated straw. The "Wagon of Winter" comes next carrying an old man with a long beard, who sits on a throne in the middle of snowy fir trees. Behind these another herald rides, preceding "Sunna," the Goddess of Spring, whose coming is announced by a silver bugle. Winter suddenly flees and Sunna and all the people feast and dance.

Isle That Vanished

One of the most curious earthquakes on record occurred in 1715, says the Montreal Herald, when a small island in the Greek Archipelago, named Thira or Solomon's Island, disappeared during the night. It had been a warm summer evening, without a breath of wind or suggestion of storm. The inhabitants of neighboring islands rose the next morning, looked out to sea for the familiar sight of their neighbor, and found it had gone!

Months later the timbered farmhouses were still a menace to the shipping in the locality.

There Was Another Dorinda Dodd

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"DEAR Captain," read the letter, "I now take my pen in hand to tell you that I am going to California to keep house for my brother, so that I cannot work for you any longer. He needs me, so I cannot wait until you come home from this trip. Dorinda Dodd will take by place as your housekeeper, and you can change if neither one of you pleases the other. Yours respectfully, Ellen Smith."

"Dorinda Dodd! Sufferin' fish!" groaned young Captain Clark, as he put the letter away and leaned against the rail of his fine schooner Breeze, a large three-masted vessel that raced through deep seas. "Think of going home and not seeing Ellen Smith at the helm. Is Dorinda Dodd the only woman without a job in Fairport?"

He asked himself this question many times as the Breeze neared New York. They touched at the big city and took a Fairport man home with them. Jabes Case offended the captain before the ship had left the East river.

"I hear Dorinda Dodd's going to keep house for you," gossiped Jabes lastly.

"Until I can turn around and find some one else," said the captain, a frown of displeasure bronzed face.

"Find some one else! What's the matter with Dorinda Dodd?" Jabes fairly squeaked his surprise. "She makes the best apple pies in Fairport."

The captain hesitated. "That may be, and apple pie is my favorite, but I couldn't stand being talked to death by Dorinda."

"Talked to death?" repeated the stupefied Jabes.

"I said it."

Jabes became silent. He watched the stormy, gloomy face as he stood by the wheel. They were entering the sound and the navigation through Hell Gate required the captain's close attention. Once Jabes slapped his knee just as though he had made a delightful discovery.

"Folks are gossiping already, Bill—you know old Dorinda Dodd always wanted to get married—"

"You're a fool, Jabes," snapped Capt. Bill Clark.

"The Breeze is in port!" the word flew around the village of Fairport, but no one had an opportunity to have a word with the captain, who went ashore at once and took a short cut across the bluffs to his little white home on the hill. He had been born and raised there, and it pleased him to live on in the house that was so eloquent of his mother and father, dead these five years past.

"The old lady likes posies," he grudgingly admitted. He entered the front door and looked into the parlor. Everything was in its accustomed place, and immaculately clean. The small front windows were open and the scent of cinnamon roses filled the room. His throat tightened—memory seemed so insistant. He almost sensed the presence of his mother. He left hastily, passed through the quaint dining room, and sought the kitchen—and Dorinda Dodd.

There was a delicious fragrance of baking cake; on a side table were loaves of fresh bread and two pies—on the big kitchen table were all the evidences of molasses cookies to come, but no Dorinda Dodd.

"Oh, Miss Dorinda!" he sang lustily, cheered for the moment by the comfort of his home, and with the words scarcely uttered, out of the pantry stepped a woman, with dabs of flour on her pretty nose and cheeks. Her wide brown eyes showed surprse.

"It must be Captain Clark," she extended a plump capable hand. "Welcome home."

"Thank you, ma'am. I was expecting to see Miss Dorinda Dodd here, so I just sang out," he explained.

"Oh—why, I am Dorinda Dodd!"

He stared at her doubtfully. "I was expecting an elderly lady—I went to school to her once upon a time."

"That was father's sister—and Aunt Dorinda died last winter, poor dear. I am sorry that you are disappointed—"

"Disappointed?" he roared. "Why should I be disappointed?" He admired the pretty light blue dress she wore and the way the hair curled in the nape of her pretty neck. Send her away? He hoped nothing would happen to tempt her to leave his abode. She was a little more than thirty, and he was a sober thirty-six. And he was home for the summer!

When he was ready to sail on his next long voyage, he met Jabes Case on the street. "How is Miss Dorinda, Billy?" asked Jabes.

Capt. Billy Clark grinned happily. "There isn't any Miss Dorinda Dodd now, Jabes—it's Dorinda Clark, and we're off on our honeymoon."

English Privy Council

The Privy council was originally chosen by the English sovereign to administer public affairs, but is now never summoned to assemble as a whole except to proclaim the successor to the crown upon the death of the sovereign. The business of the Privy council is now performed by committees, of which the cabinet is technically one.

Motorists' Term

"Vapor lock" means the interruption in the flow of gasoline from the fuel tank to the carburetor, due to the boiling of the liquid fuel at some point in the feed system.

Hum of Telephone Wires

Humming of telephone and telegraph wires is caused by the wind. The wire has a natural frequency of vibration the same as a piano string and the wind sets it to vibrating. The fundamental frequency is too low to be heard, but some of the harmonics are audible. The fundamental is given by the wire vibrating as a whole, the harmonics by the vibrating in sections; many of these are ordinarily set up at the same time.

Returning Prodigal Gets Cold Shoulder

By JACK WOODFORD

PAUL MARTIN found the cement highway pretty hard going on the feet; he was sorry that the road into town wasn't still the old dirt road he remembered when, at eighteen, he had run away from home. Now, at thirty-six, he was coming home again. His father had died the ignoble death of a drunkard. His mother, too, had died; but she had died in the city with him, for he had sent for her after his father's death. None of his family remained in town; but he had, nevertheless, a desire to see the old place, and the many friends he had once had there.

When he came into town, carrying a small, dilapidated bag containing the few things he had brought with him, he made straight for the place where once had stood the town pump. Now there was an ornate cement contraption where the pump had stood. No longer the old wooden pump, with its large, cool dipper; but just a thin jet of water coming up from a pipe. Paul put his mouth over it and drank long and deeply. While he was drinking a man walked up and clapped a hand on his shoulder.

"On your way, bum," the stranger said. "I'm the sheriff; we don't allow you bos to hang around town."

Paul looked up at the man.

"You're a stranger to me," he said pleasantly. "My name's Paul Martin. I was born and reared here. I know I look like a bum; but I've got a few dollars to put me up decently at a cheap hotel for a few days; so you can't really pick me up for vagrancy."

"You by any chance Duffy Martin's son?" the sheriff wanted to know.

"Yep. Duffy Martin was my father," Paul told him. The sheriff shook his head sadly.

"Well, considerin' you had a paw like that I guess it ain't your fault you're on the bum. You can stay. You can get a room at the Walley house for a dollar a day, and meals there is pretty cheap. I'll look around and see if I can find you a job.

"Don't do that—though thanks just the same," Paul told him. "I'll only be a few days in town."

Despite his very poor looking clothes, girls on Main street turned to stare after Paul and giggle, for he was erect and his strong masculine figure was symmetrical, just as he was extremely good looking of face.

At the drug store Paul decided to get a glass of something cool to drink; the town that the town pump had not drowned his thirst or stopped the aching in his parched throat. In the store a grave, beautiful, slim girl waited upon him.

"You look familiar," Paul told her. "I used to live here years ago; tell me, what's your name?"

"Marion Kinsey," she told him.

"What!" Paul exploded. "Not little Merion Kinsey who used to hang around when I called on your sister Martha, so I'd have to bribe you with a nickel for a soda to get rid of you. Why, you were only a kid then; that's nineteen years ago. You must be about twenty-five now."

"Twenty-six," she corrected him. "You're not Paul Martin, are you?"

"None other than," Paul grinned. She looked sadly at his bedraggled clothing.

"Martha married and went away," she informed him.

"Yes, so I heard," Paul answered. "What time are you off, Marion?" he asked. "Couldn't you and I take a walk around town together? You could show me the old landmarks I've forgotten." She looked dubiously at his clothing and he was sure that she was going to refuse. But to his amazement she said: "I'd be glad to."

That afternoon's walk was the beginning. There were other walks. But Marion was the only one in town who was even civil to Paul. The rest of his old acquaintances, when they were introduced and remembered him, gave him the cold shoulder. The "success" bug was on the old town like a plague, and anything that savored of unsuccess was anathema to them. It was on a hill back of town one afternoon that Paul proposed to Marion.

"You're the loveliest thing God ever made," he told her; "and I want you to come away from this dreadful narrow little town with me. I love you. I'll always love you and want to make you happy, if you'll trust me."

"I love you and I do trust you," she told him gravely. "I'll help you to get along better than you have; we'll both work until you get on your feet. We'll have to marry secretly and leave town at once because my folks have forbidden me even to see you."

But they did not marry secretly or leave town hurriedly. They had the biggest church wedding ever known in town; and Paul's former acquaintances all came, though they looked pretty sheepish, after reading in the local paper the fact that Paul Martin, millionaire air transportation magnate, had chosen to visit his old home town disguised as a tramp; instead of, in the usual manner, blowing in as a wealthy returned local son—so that he could really see who his friends were, and find out if any valued him as Paul Martin, instead of only as Mr Martin, millionaire.

They Must Have Some Fun

What we want to know is why, if ants are such tireless toilers, they always have time to go to picnics?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Largest Diamond

The largest diamond ever found weighed 3,024½ carats or 1¼ pounds. It was presented by the Transvaal government to King Edward of England. Later it was cut up and added to the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London. Diamond mining is recorded in India and China as far back as the First century. The world output each year at one time was valued at about $80,000,000.

She Finds Romance With a Capital "R"

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

CARRIE JONES sat in a golden oak rocker in her dull little bedroom and stared at the sum total of her savings neatly set down in her bank book. The account was neither appalling for its size, nor yet was it meager. It ran into three figures.

"That," said Carrie to herself, with considerable bitterness, "represents the years of my youth. I've scrimped and saved—for what? To lay aside something for my old age in which I've no interest. It's right now, this very minute, that I could appreciate spending it while I have some energy left in my old bones!"

Carrie was not so old as her words implied. In fact, she wasn't much beyond thirty which, with every gesticulation, becomes less of a dreaded landmark, but she could foresee the approach of middle age and she had never had a fling. Fifteen years of typewriting letters dealing with the coal business don't offer much inspiration, or opportunity for "flings."

"I have a great mind," went on Carrie thoughtfully, "to resign my position and go on a spree. As long as my money holds out. Then I'll get another job and there'll still be time to save for decrepitude. Now I wonder just where is the most romantic spot in the world, for that is where I am going!"

By chance, her eyes rested on the little shelf of canned goods which she kept on hand to supplement her dairy lunch meals, and a very gay label caught her attention. "Hawaiian Sliced Pineapples."

If the Tidewater Anthracite and Bituminous Coal company felt any pangs at losing Carrie they successfully concealed them, paid her salary to date, and sent up to the business college for a successor. Carrie, when their doors closed behind her, forgot them as thoroughly as they did her.

Two weeks later she stood in the bow of the Matsonia watching the rising headlands of Diamond Head, and of all those who hung over the rail as the boat docked none was more prepared to be thrilled than Carrie Jones, and no one was more cruelly disappointed.

Why, Honolulu was exactly like any city of the states, with huge buildings, bustling thoroughfares, taxis and limousines.

After allowing herself to be taxied to what she judged a reasonably priced hotel, she found herself in a room equipped with furniture from Grand Rapids, a large painting of "Niagara in Winter," and two windows which looked down upon a replica of any large city's "Broadway" and across at a building displaying numerous doctors' and dentists' signs. She unpacked her crushable clothes, went down to a meal in which the only unfamiliar food was Kapoho pears, and listened to an orchestra playing the latest songhits with never a ukelele among them.

But it is only fair to say that as the days passed Carrie found some of the things she had hoped for. True, what she had pictured as golded beaches did in some cases turn out to be sands as black, if cleaner than the anthracite piles of office samples, and the thunder of the surf soon grew to be merely a monotonous thudding that lulled her to sleep. Daily, however, she marveled at the wealth of foliage. Yet she never quite got over the feeling that she had not found romance with a capital R.

She determined finally on a trip on the little inter-island steamer, cherishing faint and daring hopes of a possible shipwreck with a gallant rescue or even temporary marooning on a not too deserted island. Without mishap, however, she landed at Hilo with a little group of tourist school teachers and with them planned an automobile trip to Kilauea.

It was as she stood at the end of the road and watched the encroaching lava that she heard some one at her side, and turning, looked up into a pair of pleasant eyes belonging to a sandy-haired young man she had casually noticed on the steamer.

"I don't suppose," he said with a smile, "that even on the brink of a fiery pit one can break the conventions, but we have really met before. I am William Hamre of the Hamre Scow company and you took charge of an order of coal for our plant. Of course, you don't remember."

It was pleasant to meet some one from home, and Carrie responded cordially.

A week later as they were being shown the workings of a sugar cane factory, William managed an aside to Carrie. "I'm coming to call on you this evening to ask you to marry me. Wait. Don't answer now. At eight o'clock."

After he had gone that night bearing Carrie's promise to marry him, Carrie laughed whimsically.

She married William the day that they sailed for home and as they stood at the steamer's side watching the preparations for departure she heard a voice behind her and recognized it as that of one of the school teachers, talking with some new acquaintance.

"My dear, the most romantic thing. Came way out here and met a man she had known at home! Think of it! They fell in love on the brink of Kilauea!"

William felt a hand slip into his.

"There's always romance in love, I guess," said Carrie.

Milk and Metal

A number of metals are sufficiently soluble in milk to produce noticeable odors and flavors. Copper and its alloys produce "oxidized" tastes. Research conducted by the University of California college of agriculture are reported to indicate that chrome-nickel alloys should be used as much as possible. These alloys are generally known as "stainless steel."

Casting Bread Upon the Waters

By HELEN ST. BERNARD

MAISIE MILLIKEN, until last night a member of the Broadway Folletes, playing at the Rialto, Atlantic City, walked slowly down the board walk, munching salt-water taffy, peppermint flavored.

The sun was bright and warm, offsetting the sharp breeze that swept in from the ocean, breaking the waves into white foam on the sand. Few people were out at this hour—shortly before eight. Rows of deserted wheelchairs awaited the promenade hour. The big hotels loomed up against a morning sky of clear azure and Maisie wondered if behind one of those impressive portals there was not a job that would pay her enough money to buy a ticket back to New York. There was just one quarter, bright and shining, in the little scarlet pocketbook that dangled from her arm.

She smiled grimly as she caught her own name on the tattered bulletin that waved in the breeze in front of the closed Rialto. Last night she had led the chorus in singing the so-called latest song-hit:

"Giving. . . . Giving. . . . Giving all the time. . . ."

The song was foolish but the girls got it across. In fact, it was the only feature in the entire show that won any applause from the stolid audience of first-nighters. When the final curtain had descended on an already thinned-out audience, the manager had mysteriously disappeared with the evening's proceeds.

Maisie had had enough to pay for her night's lodging at the boarding house on a side street. She had hesitated before buying the package of salt-water taffy, but it would have to do for breakfast. The quarter must stay in the little scarlet pocketbook until something turned up.

She passed a restaurant. A white-clad girl was dexterously flapping pancakes in the window. Pancakes, maple sirup and coffee for 20 cents. Maisie closed her eyes and reached for another piece of taffy. She was desperately hungry. From a sudden hungry thought. Perhaps she could get a job there frying pancakes or waiting on the table, or even washing dishes. Anything to appease that awful emptiness and to get back to New York.

She debated for a moment. Further down the walk a small group of people had congregated at a railing, seemingly intent on something below them in the sand. She would stroll down and see what it was all about and in the meantime she would raise the courage to apply for a job; and a breakfast. She joined the group. A man and artist was at work, brown, white-headed, smiling. Slowly, but surely, a figure was taking shape in the white sand before him; a child, unkempt, ragged, pathetic, with outstretched hand and head in the background the shadowy suggestion of a guardian angel hovering over her.

Maisie liked the idea, especially of the guardian angel. She felt more cheerful. With a final touch here and there, the artist brushed the sand from his hands and, with a stick, he wrote in fantastic lettering:

"CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE WATERS. . . ."

Several coins were thrown down upon the strip of canvas at his feet. He smiled up at his audience with an appeal that fascinated Maisie. "Cast your bread upon the waters" . . . Long ago when Maisie was a child, back in the little home-town in Indiana, she had learned that lesson in Sunday school.

She opened her pocketbook and felt blindly for the quarter—the last cent she had in the world. Her fingers closed over it and the shining piece went spinning through the air and she started to hum; to sing:

"Giving . . . giving . . . giving all the time. . . ."

A man, stout and red-faced, turned to her quickly with questioning eyes. Then he brought his cane down with a resounding thud.

"Well, here you are! I've been looking in at every hotel in Atlantic City for you this morning, young lady."

"Really?" chirped Maisie. "Odd, you didn't find me at the Traymore."

Maisie was accustomed to these advances from middle-aged admirers.

"Traymore!" he snorted. "And there wasn't enough money to pay you off last night after that crook lit out! Do you want a job?"

"Job?" she queried. "What kind of job? I'm particular, I am."

For a moment he looked disappointed, heartsick. "Aren't you the blond that sang that song in the show last night? Tell me, aren't you? That giving song. . . ."

Maisie nodded.

"Well, if you can put a song like that over, you can sure hit the mark with some real stuff. We're opening up here tomorrow night, and need a girl to sing. Come to rehearsal at eleven." He motioned at the closed theater. "I'll depend on you."

"Casting bread upon the waters," mused Maisie, late of the Broadway Folletes. "I wonder if that artist would lend me back that bread I cast down there, until I. . . ."

"Until you what?" asked her benefactor. "You've got a job and that's a lot more than some folks have. What more do you want?"

"What more do I want?" And Maisie laid both hands over her empty stomach. "Right now I want pancakes and maple sirup and coffee."

Eat 'Em

Shirley Jean went visiting next door recently. The lady of the house had a number of writing tablets. Thinking to please the child by giving her something to take home, she said: "Shirley, what kind of tablets do you write your letters on?"

Shirley was puzzled, but replied: "My grandfather is a doctor and he sends us white ones. But we don't write on them, we eat them."

Printers to the Community

:-:

Letter Heads
Envelopes
Loose Leaf Sheets

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Everything Required in the Printing Line

EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE
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GARDENING TIME IS HERE AGAIN !

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Plants, Shrubs, Trees

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First-Class Home Grown Stock, Lowest Prices.

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You are buying only once so

BUY *the* BEST

YOUR electric refrigerator should be a lifetime investment. It will be, if you choose a Westinghouse . . . because Westinghouse is built for lifetime, trouble-free operation and satisfaction. Its hermetically sealed unit is so expertly engineered, so skilfully designed that it will serve you perfectly, year in and year out, without the slightest trouble or attention on your part. That is why it costs you less and saves you more per year ! If you would buy once and for all, buy the best.

10 Per Cent. Down

Balance in small weekly or Monthly Payments.

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square *Napanee*

Every house needs **Westinghouse**

TODAY and TOMORROW

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

ABILITY . . . . . it's scarce

I am constantly being surprised to discover that men who got along more than passably well in good times are utterly without ability to help themselves in hard times. By contrast, the proportion of first rate men with initiative, courage and confidence in themselves, seems pitiably small.

More than three hundred years ago a man named William Shakespeare expressed the same idea when he wrote :

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Every day I get fresh evidence that men who were classed as superior a few years ago are weaklings. Also, I hear every day of men who never made any great splash in the world, but who are getting ahead today in spite of hard times.

One thing depression has taught is that all men are not equal, at least in ability. But let prosperity return and with it will come a new crop of incompetents getting by on their nerve and assurance.

WORK . . . . . and the lazy

One evil result of the depression and the vast expenditure of money for the unemployed has been to get millions out of the habit of work. It is so much easier to draw money and food from the public and charity funds than it is to work.

We have been trying to hire a competent woman to do general housework, in my family. Six refused the job because "it was too much work," although my hundred pound daughter managed to do it all in half a day. On enquiry we found that each of those six had been living comfortably without working, supported by one or another source of unemployment relief.

In three weeks we tried out six who were willing to try—or so they said. They were willing to eat and sleep, but it turned out they were unwilling to work.

Many business men friends tell me that it is next to impossible to hire people who will really work at their jobs. They feel that they don't have to work unless they want to.

I am afraid that those of us who are willing to work will have to go on supporting a huge army of non-workers, even when good times comes back again.

BUSINESS . . . . . in chain gangs

Adversity sometimes discloses unsuspected business ability in the last place one would look for it.

Carter Melvin, a Negro convict in a Georgia chain-gang, found a nickel in the prison yard. He got a keeper to buy him a package of matches, ten boxes. He sold the matches to other convicts and guards for a cent a box, doubling his capital. He bought more matches wholesale and sold them at retail until he had a quarter. He bought six packages of smoking tobacco for his quarter and sold them for a nickel a sack. At last he had money enough to buy a carton of cigarettes, which he again retailed at a profit.

Carter has $20 now, all from the original nickel. He has done better than a lot of white folks who have let the hard times lick them. And he has proved that business ability is not confined to any one class or race.

CHICAGO . . . . . its fair

Anybody with half a dollar and bus fare to Chicago any time after June 1st can get more entertainment and education in a short time than has been crowded into one place in a long time.

The Chicago Century of Progress Exposition, although unfinished, has already attracted more than 850,000 paid admissions. In seventeen principal buildings and unnumbered smaller ones will be shown more interesting and instructive exhibits from all the world than have been seen in one place in America since the San Francisco world fair of 1915.

It may easily turn out that Chicago's show, putting money into free circulation again, will prove the stimulus that will finally smash the depression.

THOMSON . . . . . after 80 years

Elihu Thomson, eighty years old, is still working, still inventing. Not so widely known as Edison, Professor Thomson ranks among men of science as the foremost living inventor in the electrical field.

He invented electrical welding, among other things. But before that he had made the primitive dynamos work, perfected the electric motor and done many other things to make electricity turn the world's wheels.

Professor Thomson's enthusiasm in the field of astronomy led him to try to find a way to make bigger and better telescopes. When past seventy he invented a method of fusing quartz so that it can be worked like glass, and fused quartz lets in a lot of light which glass bars out, so the biggest telescope lens in the world is now being made out of Thomson's fused quartz.

The human mind never stops working and growing as long as the body endures. We may yet hear of startling new inventions by Elihu Thomson.

The type or design of the modern milking machine is of minor importance so long as the rubber parts are kept sterilized and in good order.

VARIETY SHOWER

On April 19th a large number of friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Davis and presented Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Asselstine with a variety shower, as follows :

Mr. and Mrs. George Young, cream whip ; Mr. and Mrs. Amos Denison, agate dish pan ; Miss Winnifred Pringle, half dozen glass tumblers ; Master Douglas McCutcheon, 1 pair glass vases ; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Pringle, glass water set ; Myrtle Pringle, embroidered centre ; Mr. and Mrs. Luman McCutcheon, tea kettle ; Mr. and Mrs. Hazzard Young, quilt, pillow, 2 pair of slips ; Crossley Bradshaw, cream and sugar set ; Mrs. Martha Bradshaw, pair bath towels ; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, quilt, pillow and table oilcloth.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McConnell, tea towels, guest towels ; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Richmond, cream and sugar set ; Mr. and Mrs. Francis Young, brown Betty tea pot ; Mr. and Mrs. Haner Wayte, mop and wash board ; Mr. James Wayte, dust pan ; Tressa Denison, 1 pair tea towels ; Mr. Archie Asselstine, 50c.; Garnet Young, fancy jug ; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Young, kitchen lamp ; Harold York, 2 long cake tins ; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pringle, pair blankets ; Mr. and Mrs. William Yates, quilt and runner ; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Smallwood, cream and sugar set ; Donald Pringle, large glass pitcher and bon bon dish ; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Pringle, set of three bowls, 1 pair pillow slips, and hand embroidered tea towels ; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Pringle and Marjorie, rinse tub ; Blake Martin and Bert Dafoe, bread board and knife; Vernon Davis, cream and sugar set ; Ray Cook, cake tin ; Mr. and Mrs. Archie Wales, candy jar ; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis, pickle dish ; Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hartin, pickle fork and bath towel ; Carl Martin, jell tins ; Annie Asselstine, pickle dish ; Marie and Sherman Arnold, pair bath towels and wash cloth ; Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Young, 23-piece tea set ; Claude Martin, double boiler ; Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Young, 4-piece cream and sugar and towel ; Lyman Asselstine, condiment set ; Lela Asselstine, glass bowl and dipper ; Laura Asselstine, jelly tins and stew dish ; Mr. and Mrs. I. Asselstine, parlor lamp and pillow ; Mr. and Mrs. Willie Morgan, water pail ; Miss Verna Petty pickle fork ; Mr. Tommy Tyner, set of bread tins ; Charlie Sedore salad fork ; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Johnson, bath towel ; Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Dafoe, 50c ; Beulah Dafoe and Morley Schermerhorn, butter knife ; Kenneth Bradshaw, jelly tins ; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dafoe, cream and sugar set ; Mr. and Mrs. Perry Armstrong, cold meat platter ; Vera Pringle, broom ; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pringle, half doz. tumblers ; Harry Klimmett, 50c.; Mr. and Mrs. Herkimer Lasher, aluminum cooker ; Mr. and Mrs. G. Toppings, china tray ; Pauline Denison, frying pan ; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Russell, bath towels ; Mr. and Mrs. B. Kimmerly, bath towels ; A. Page, salt and pepper shakers ; Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Russell, bath towel and wash cloth ; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Barnes, tea towel and hand towel ; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pinney, pair hand towels ; Mr. and Mrs. R. Milling, linen table cloth ; Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Winters, bath towels ; George Head, cake plate; Harold Winters, sandwich plate ; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pringle, fruit set ; Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Winters, fruit set ; Mr. and Mrs. O. Ashley, cream and sugar set ; Maurice Kershaw, fruit dish ; Harold Young, cheese dish ; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mowers, raw fruit dish ; McGillivray McMath, brown Betty tea pot ; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wayte, aluminum potato pot ; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Price, stew dish ; Derward Waddingham, salad dish ; West Plain Sunday School, reference Bible.

On April 19th the following address was read by Tressa Denison :

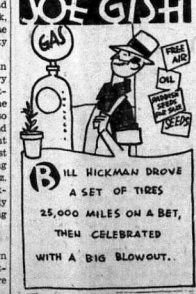
"We, the members of your Sunday school class, take pleasure in presenting you with a Bible. We hope you both will take pleasure in reading it, and find your way to heaven through its guidance. We hope to have you with us in our Sunday school as often as you find it convenient. Wishing you many years of happiness together.

Signed on behalf of your class and teacher,

MRS .Geo. YOUNG.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Asselstine wish to thank their many friends of West Plain and Empey Hill for the lovely gifts received.

Spasmodic colic in horses is often caused by change of feed, cold water in quantities, or exposure to draughts when heated.



CAMDEN EAST

Everyone is delighted with the lovely warm weather and nice warm showers.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McRory, of Sydenham, spent Sunday at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Histed.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Sheffel, of Rochester, N.Y., and Mrs. Clarke Sheffel are spending a few days at the home of the former's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bolten and two children, of Sydenham, spent Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. Percy Histed, and family.

The Sunday school convention will be held at Camden East on June 7th, in the United Church. Dinner will be served in the United Hall for all who may come.

TAMWORTH

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Moss spent last week-end at Ottawa and their daughter, Miss Hazel Moss ,Reg.N., returned home with them.

Mrs. Jos. Cox received word on Monday last of the illness of her mother, Mrs. MacDonald, of Mountain Grove, who is now in Kingston General Hospital. Mrs. Cox spent a few days last week with her.

Little Winnifred Steele, four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Steele, had a very narrow escape on Sunday last when she fell into the cistern at their home and in some way cut a bad gash in her hand. Dr. F. D. O'Connor was in attendance and found it necessary to put four stitches in the hand.

Miss Margaret Sullivan was united in marriage to Tommy Kearns, at the Church of the Assumption, Erinsville, on Monday morning, May 22nd. The nuptial parties are both of Sheffield, and will reside near Centreville.

"The Colonel's Maid" was presented at Sulphide on Monday night last by the members of the local Y.P.U. This is the ninth time this play has been presented and each time it has been very favorably received.

BELL ROCK

Farmers have finished seeding in this locality.

Rev. Alfred Bishop of Verona, was calling on his parishioners on Thursday.

Sperry Reynolds is busily engaged in the manufacture of cheese boxes.

Inspector Fred Clark of Moscow, visited the cheese factory here on Thursday.

Grant Percy is making extensive improvements in the factory and on the grounds.

Joseph Walker spent a few days last week with his brother William.

A number from here attended the "Field Day" held in Verona on the 24th, and report a splendid program of sports.

The annual Sunday School Convention for this district is to be held here on June 13th, in the afternoon and evening. There is a large crowd expected, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

Leonard Meeks is opening his rock grinding mill at Verona, to fill an order from the Frontenac Roofing Co. It will give a few men employment for a while.

Mrs. M. Veley is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. W. Middleton, North Verona.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Veley, of Verona spent Sunday at D. J. Ball's.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER
HOW TO BUILD A ROCKERY

By Special Arrangement with Arcadian Nurseries, Islington, Ont.

During the last few years there has been a tremendous demand for a space in the garden that might be called a rockery. This desire has been created by the reminiscenses of travellers to Europe, who have been astounded at the magnificent beauty displayed by the floral gems, which have their home in the crags, and crevices of the Alps. These vistas of beauty are not easily forgotten. So they return with those memorable visions, determined if possible to build a rockery. A great many Alpine plants take kindly to our Canadian climate, and there are thousands of locations that may be transformed.

First then, let us keep a very strong impression of the natural surroundings and conditions where the Alpine family grow. A good gardener can never do better than imitate nature as much as possible. It should be remembered that these hardy little plants inhabit the windswept mountains where often they depend only on due, and for for moisture, yet exposed to the full sunshine, often too, they flourish where even grass will not grow.

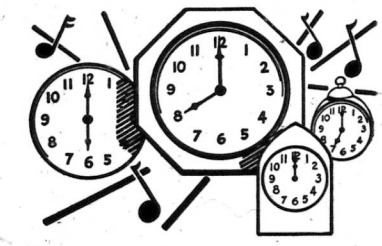
Wherever possible select a position that receives most sunshine. The next important consideration is drainage. Alpine plants do not like wet feet, and will not thrive unless proper drainage is provided. So if there is not natural drainage, you can use artificial means by placing about eight inches of broken brick, or stones about two feet below the garden soil mixed with a good proportion of leaf mould, and add sand if the loam is inclined to be heavy, never use manure, they don't like it. By the way, speaking about leaf mould it is a very good plan in the autumn to gather up all the fallen leaves, some manure without straw, and clean turf. Place in alternate layers of turf, manure, leaves, water ; and then allow to rot. The following year you will have the finest leaf mould for any purpose required in your garden. Having dealt with location, drainage and soil, the next proceedure is stone. Wherever possible endeavor to obtain limestone. Most rockery plants like limestone for neighbors, as it is very porous. Granite and field stones radiate too much heat, sometimes burning the leaves and of course being hard they do not retain moisture. Sometimes it is possible to obtain stones that have been subjected to amioh orz action of air and water. These form an ideal material for a rockery. Regarding the placing of the stones the following suggestions may be helpful. A well planned rockery should be two-thirds stone, and one-third plants when finished. Do not place stones too close together ; allow for ultimate growth of plants. Never have the plants in straight lines, or uniform in size. Imitate nature as much as possible. The more rugged and unbalanced the appearance, the better will be the result.

Next week's article will deal with Rockery plants, and will be helpful in making your selection.

If you have any problem pertaining to gardening and would like advice, write enclosing a stamped addressed envelope and mention this paper to the Arcadian Nurseries, Islington, Ont.

Weasels are usually attracted to dwelling houses in search of mice, but if meat is left in an exposed place the weasel may attack it.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S



Any time you're hungry

JUST enjoy a bowl of Kellogg's. For breakfast, lunch, the children's supper —these crisp-toasted flakes are perfect.

Kellogg's are rich in energy and very easy to digest. No trouble to prepare. Economical. Always oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Kellogg's for flavor

NAPANEE GOLF CLUB

THE SEASON'S GAMES AND RULES

B. N. P. T. GOLF LEAGUE

The B.N.P.T. Golf League is a name adopted at a recent meeting of Captains from Belleville, Napanee, Picton, and Trenton Golf Clubs.

A team of twelve players will represent each Club.

The points made by these twelve men to be used in determining results at the various meets.

Club members in excess of the first twelve players may take part in these matches, but their scores will not count in the match total.

Total points of each team to be carried forward for complete season.

The team with the greatest number of points at the end of the season to be the winner of a Special Cup to be called "THE B.N.P.T. GOLF LEAGUE CUP."

B.N.P.T. Golf League commences on June 7th, with Belleville at Napanee.

Home Captain to advise other Captains point result of home games.

Your certified score cards handed in will assist the Captain in the selection of twelve players eligible for the team.

The four Napanee players winning most number of games during the season to meet in competition with four players from each competing Club for a final friendly match and presentation of cup to be held on the course of winning club team.

BAY OF QUINTE GOLF ASSOCIATION ANNUAL CUP MATCH

June 14th—

This is an annual fixture played by teams of eight to be selected by Club Captains.

This year the match is to be played over the Trenton course.

Mixed Two-Ball Foursomes (14 holes)

June 28th and Sept. 13th—

Four prizes for each day's tournament. Players entering to be matched by draw.

G. S. Fraser will be in charge of these two games.

South Paw Handicap

July 1st—

Three prizes. This competition is open for left-handed players only.

Eighteen holes-medal round.

Special Team Match at Kingston

July 5th—

A team of eight players will be selected by the Captain to compete with other Clubs in a general match day to be held at Cataraqui Golf Club, at Kingston.

Daly Cup Club Handicap Championship

It has been considered in the interest of all players to have a qualifying round for this competition. The best sixteen scores to qualify. Players unable to play on this date must arrange their own games and have certified scores handed in to Games Committee not later than August 10th.

The purpose of a qualifying round is to prevent this competition from dragging unnecessarily.

The sixteen players eligible for this cup must complete their first round before August 30th.

Second round to be completed before September 6th ; third round to be completed before September 13th ; finals to be completed before September 27th.

Robinson Century Cup Championship

Aug. 16th—

Mr. J. W. Robinson has donated a Cup open to all club members with handicaps of twenty-five or over ; the best sixteen to qualify.

Players unable to play on this date must arrange their own game and have certified cards handed in to Games Committee not later than August 23rd.

The sixteen players eligible for this Cup must complete their first round before August 30th.

Second round to be completed before September 6th.

Third round to be completed before September 13th.

Final round to be completed by September 27th.

No handicaps in final play-off.

Dibb Championship Cup

No handicaps. Best sixteen to qualify.

Players unable to play on this date must arrange their own game and have certified cards handed in to Games Committee not later than August 30th.

The sixteen players eligible for this Cup must complete their first round before September 6th.

Second round to be completed before September 13th ; third round to be completed before September 20th ; final round to be completed by September 27th.

No handicaps in final play-off.

Mackinnon Cup Flag Competition Handicap

Sept. 4th—

Open to all players.

Each player will be supplied with a small flag with his name attached. The player covering the greatest distance over the course with strokes consisting of par plus his handicap will be the winner of this cup.

Ringer Competition

Three prizes.

From May 24th to October 1st.

First flight handicaps 1 to 18.

Second flight handicaps 19 to 27.

Third flight handicaps 28 up.

Ringers to be posted in caddy house for this purpose.

Score cards to be certified and placed in Ringer Box.

Players may move into a higher flight carrying their scores with them but not to a lower flight.

Handicaps

Your Games Committee have endeavored to organize these competitions in your interest. The success of the above programme depends entirely on your co-operation.

Your Committee will endeavor to see that score cards and pencils are available at all times and request you to turn in your scores after each game.

The only way your Committee has of setting fair handicaps is by securing a consistent record of your games.

Games Committee :

L. H. DOUGLAS,
A. M. MACKINNON,
G. S. FRASER.

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET STAKE BODY ON 131-INCH, 1½-TON CHASSIS, 30-INCH BACKS
Load space 8 feet 10 inches long, 6 feet 9 inches wide, with 36-inch stake sides.

PRODUCED IN CANADA

CHEVROLET

LEADS

IN CUTTING HAULAGE COSTS

CHEVROLET TRUCKS set the pace in sales . . . because long ago Chevrolet set the pace in economy! Chevrolet's husky six-cylinder engine is fast, smooth, powerful . . . and costs less for gas, oil and upkeep. Chevrolet-built bodies have the length, width and height that welcome big, profitable loads. And the Chevrolet chassis is truck-built every inch . . . to keep maintenance costs at rock bottom. Take it from the largest and fastest-growing group of truck buyers in Canada today—a Chevrolet costs you less to run than any other truck you can buy! Easy GMAC terms.

CT-4D

CHEVROLET LEADERSHIP

Charted from official truck registration statistics, January to March (inclusive), 1933 :

CHEVROLET	36.1%
TRUCK "A"	25.8%
TRUCK "B"	9.8%
TRUCK "C"	8.1%

In a year when VALUES are paramount, public preference is giving CHEVROLET even more outstanding leadership in the entire truck industry.

R. J. McFARLAND, Dealer
NAPANEE, ONT.

CHEVROLET SIX-CYLINDER TRUCKS